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THE CASTLE OF STRATHMAY;

OR,

Scenes in the North:

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

SCOTTISH MANNERS AND SOCIETY,

A TALE,

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A WINTER IN EDINBURGH," &c.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home—rever'd abroad.—*Burns.*

VOL. I.

The Second Edition.

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CHAPTER I.

Shipwreck,—A Highland Castle, its Inhabitants.

IT was a stormy night, during the vernal equinox, the heavy waters bore tremendously on the rocky cliffs of Caithness, when the Hope of Barbadoes, in an attempt to stem the northern passage, encountred off these dangerous shores, one of the awful gales of the season; her exhausted crew, unable to guide their shattered vessel from the

lee shore, to which a strong south easter was rapidly hurrying it, at length gave themselves up to their fate, and long ere the morn, so anxiously wished, during dark and perilous hours, sunk to watry graves; seventy souls passed the confines of eternity, one alone survived to breathe a prayer of gratitude, and mingle the joy of self preservation, with the horror which a scene so desolate inspired. The awful world of waters, the dark cliffs, the bare and horrid coast, met the eyes of the rescued youth—one vast solitude; no sound, save the wild scream of the sea bird, broke on his ear. Alas! the exclamation of hope, the ejaculation of implored mercy, the final shriek of despair, were alike silenced, and ocean, as thunder when its "bolt is sped," in hollower, fainter moanings, rolled its swollen waters over those, so lately waking to light and life. The exhausted sufferer had scarcely strength enough left to reach the extremity of a ca-

vern hollowed by the sea, when, throwing himself on the humid sand, he sunk to insensibility. On his recovery, much of the day was spent; the tide had receded from the entrance of the cave, when arousing himself from his stupor, Douglas, in the faint hope that others might have survived the awful night, advanced to survey the scene,—ascending the rock above, with slow and painful steps, he clasped a projecting fragment of the cliff, and bent his sorrowful regards on the dark waters below; in vain—no form arose—no hand waved—no voice implored. Tears started to the aching eyes of Douglas, as recollection recalled the companions of his voyage. The mother, (to whose simple but affecting portrait of her babe, he had delightedly listened, as the sailor read the letter of his absent wife,) was now a widow; and, over those gleams of nature he marked, the darkest cloud of fate had past. Her tender anticipa-

tion of meeting, of presenting her babe to a father, (to whom it was yet unknown,) were fallacious ; alone, forsaken, friendless, the sources of happiness, she so affectingly described; the features, voice, and sports of her boy, henceforth would only wound the bosom to which he was prest.

Cold waves had chilled the fires of love, never more would the faithful maid, named in the song of the mariner, start at the voice, and rush to the embrace of affection. All of emotion was stilled ; avarice no longer counted its gains ; industry ceased to exult.

Convinced at length, that none survived the storm except himself, Douglas, impelled by the want of food and rest, turned away in quest of the haunts of men. Benumbed by cold, and nearly helpless from fatigue, his progress up the height was slow and painful ; a few stunted shrubs growing here and there, among the interstices

of the rocks, aided his steps to the summit. Here the prospect over the adjoining country, was wild and dreary; a few huts, rudely constructed of heath and stones alone, were scattered over the desolation, and their distance seemed to render it impossible the exhausted Douglas could reach the miserable and comfortless shelter they presented. His despairing eyes turned to the awful heights that spread their giant arms around the coast, and glistened with hope, as on a lofty rock, overhanging the sea, he discerned an ancient Castle.

Superstition would have marked the Castle of Strathmay, as the habitation of a supernatural being, delighting in the wildest scenes of nature,—some genius of the storm. Rising many hundred feet from the surface of the ocean, the dark, wild, architecture of the ancient edifice, as the shades of a stormy day, fell on the walls and turrets, blended with the craggy basis

on which it stood. Under dilapidated towers " frowning o'er the flood," a magnificent cavern appeared, hollowed by the ocean. Here conflicting currents rapidly foamed, and sea birds built their " air hung habitations." Douglas, now with renovated spirits, exerted his remaining strength, and with considerable difficulty reached the interior of a small court through a breach in the wall, and advancing to an arch-way, perceived a door, covered with plates of iron, above which a grated window appeared in the rugged wall. His repeated efforts to arouse the inhabitants of this dreary abode, long proved ineffectual ; almost in despair, Douglas at length raised his eyes to the grate, and observed an old woman attentively watching his motions. The answers she returned to his intreaties for admission, were unintelligible ; her gestures discouraging. She waved her hand, as if bidding him be-

gone, and the spent sufferer sunk on the ground, hopeless of succour, incapable of further intreaty, yet still his hollow eye rested on the grate. Presently the old woman left the window, and a young girl appeared; who, parting her dark locks from a lovely face, enquired in English, though in a voice of Northern accent, why he tarried, and wherein she could aid him.

Admit me, cried Douglas, faintly; escaped from shipwreck, I perish for want of nourishment and rest.

Alas! replied the girl, in tones of compassion, we dare not open the gate, the Laird is from home, and we dread his anger. You are ill and weak, (said she,) leaning forward and gazing on the stranger with pitying looks; I wish it were possible to help you. Tears started to her eyes, she clasped her hands round the bars, and leaning her head against them, continued mournfully to regard the supplicant.

Douglas soon fell into a stupor, and remained extended on the pavement without motion; when, after the lapse of some hours, unclosing his languid eyes, he beheld himself in the interior of the Castle, laid on a bed, and attired in clean and comfortable habiliments. For an instant, he believed himself under the impression of a dream; a strange figure sat beside him, occasionally feeling his pulse, and humming a melancholy air. The regards of Douglas, wandered alternately from this spectre to the antique apartment to which he had been conveyed. The bed on which he lay, was formed of dark carved wood, with hangings of tattered tapestry; some forms, and a large table, on which deer skins were stretched, stood round; on the latter, a dusty heap of books, maps, and papers lay confusedly. Pieces of old armour, dirks, swords, guns, mingled on the walls with deers horns,

birds eggs strung, and implements of aquatic sport. The owner of the Castle, to whom Douglas owed shelter, and the object of his astonished regards, was a man about fifty, in person of uncommon height, gaunt and bony, and apparently of great muscular strength, his complexion pale, features expressive of intellect, and dark eyes, that alternately sunk to gloom, or flashed to fire; his dress, over which hung his matted locks, consisted of a loose great coat, fastened by a broad leather girdle; on his feet he wore brogues; his legs were bare, and his whole appearance denoted a disregard of even the decencies of exterior. Nor were his manners more prepossessing; under the cloak of harsh words, and rigid looks, he would have fain concealed the actual benevolence of his nature; and, afraid lest his concern for the stranger, and the tenderness of his treatment, might induce Douglas to mistake

the character he was anxious to support ; he now contented himself with occasionally consulting his pulse with one hand, whilst the other rapidly turned over the leaves of a volume, seemingly regardless of the astonishment of the stranger, who now essayed a conversation with his taciturn companion.

I am indebted to you for my life, cried the youth, (pressing gratefully the hand laid on his wrist).

No flattery, no fawning, cried Macleod, dont make me repent young man of having done my duty ; I have not admitted a stranger to my abode for years.

My gratitude, replied Douglas, should be the greater ; I feel renovated and refreshed, and must not trespass longer, I believe I am capable of walking.

Stay, (grumbled Macleod, as he prevented his rising, and turned on him a dissatisfied look,) you are welcome to remain.

I spoke of departure, (observed the youth,) from a belief I intruded on your privacy; no other consideration could have induced me to travel, weak as I yet am.

Last night was a dreadful one, remarked Macleod.

It was, (sighed Douglas,) on the hapless companions of my voyage, its fury was fatally spent.

Macleod rose, and walked about the room with a quick and hurried pace, then suddenly stopping short, exclaimed, What of that Sir, I too have been in storms; those of life, of society, and this is my haven—you are welcome, I repeat, to remain.

I accept your offer, (cried Douglas).

But, understand me, (resumed Macleod,) my way of life; my manners are said to be strange, expect not too much; I can be your physician, your attendant,

but as for a companion, or a friend, that Sir I can be to no man.

There was a degree of wildness in Macleod's look, as he spoke, that strongly impressed Douglas with the belief his intellects were in a degree disordered. Whilst he mused, Macleod's aspect softened, and the youth requested him to relate how he had been admitted to his abode; and mentioned the refusal of the Laird's domestics to his intreaties of shelter.

They acted by my commands, (observed Macleod). I never apprize them when I may return; and my orders are that none are admitted in my absence. I saw you last night as I entered the court. This, (said he, presenting a clasped pocket-book to Douglas,) dropt from your breast as you were conveyed in.—Douglas, as he grasped the rescued treasure, uttered an exclamation of joy.

Pshaw, cried the cynic, the man who suffers aught thus to affect him, I cannot avoid regarding with contempt.

Suspend your judgment, (returned the youth,) this secures friends, riches, all that a stranger situated as I am can need to deliver him from misery.

Riches, friends, (exclaimed the misanthrope), poor boy I pity you.

I owe you thanks, (observed Douglas, his cheek suffused as he spoke), for thinking of me in any way. I came to you in a questionable shape, undobtedly.

What mean you Sir, (cried Macleod roughly). In no shape but that of misery should you have entered here; were you not ill, even conversation would not have passed between us. Come added the inconsistent cynic, smoothing the pillow of the invalid, you need refreshment, and though I live on milk and vegetables, a more nutritive meal is prepared for you.

Where is Morna, enquired he, as the old woman brought in dinner?

Here, dear uncle, (cried a gentle voice,) I but waited till you should enquire for me.

Well, well, (grumbled Macleod, half repulsing her endearments,) sit down. Here, young man, is an unconquered heart—amid the wilds of Caithness, Morna has learnt no worldly lesson.

Douglas, as he spoke, surveyed the subject of his eulogy with considerable curiosity. Morna was a fine blooming girl of sixteen; her countenance sweetly expressive; over her coarse tartan habit, her long locks fell in disorder not ungraceful; seating herself at Macleod's feet, she laid her head on his knee, and cast the beams of her mild eyes towards his sterner ones. Douglas recognized in Morna, the girl who, on the preceding day had mourned over his distress.

Your daughter Sir? enquired he, as the meal concluded; Morna modestly retired.

My neice, replied Macleod; her mother, Sir, was the last of the human race for whom I felt affection; she was considerably younger than myself, and was known by the epithet of the beauty of Strathmay. I could once doat and be a fool; I improved, Sir, (exclaimed Macleod sternly), for I threw her from my bosom, and became the murderer of her husband.

Good God, (cried Douglas, inexpressibly shocked,) and does your neice know this, and——

Love me—you would say, (interrupted Macleod); no, Morna does not know this. I have made her happy, for she has been withdrawn from a world, that wrecked the peace of her relatives. You are silent, observed he, after a pause, I do not wish your approval.

You mistake the nature of my thoughts, replied Douglas, nor can I explain them without seeming to encroach on your confidence. Are you going to rest, enquired he, seeing Macleod rise to leave the apartment.

No, (replied he, pressing his hand kindly,) I go out at this hour.

Out, (exclaimed Douglas,) surprised.

I ramble about the woods till dawn, 'tis my fancy. Young man, (added Macleod with a half sigh,) I can only rest when the sun shines on my couch. It will be well for you, when you attain my years, if time should have so passed, you "can sleep as others sleep." Farewell.

CHAPTER II.

Macleod becomes attached to his guest.—The Story of the Shipwrecked Stranger.

A FEW days rest restored Douglas to health, and he was soon enabled to leave his room, and wander over his strange abode. It was not easy for him to remove from his mind the awful scene so lately witnessed; but, beyond the acquaintance of his voyage, he had none to regret. Macleod's character interested, for it was new; and Douglas, when the former dedicated an hour to his society, was careful to avoid the appearance of curiosity, however he felt, concerning this extraordinary man. One night Douglas mentioned his obligations to Macleod.

Hush, cried the Laird, you satirize human nature, by so highly estimating the bare performance of common duties; what a depraved period must it have been, when men first were taught to praise each other thus.

Douglas, as they continued to converse, perceiving the interest which Macleod, in spite of his endeavours at concealment, could not avoid shewing, in his welfare, related the incidents of his life as follows :—

My parents, said Douglas, were Europeans, but whether of England, Ireland, or Scotland, I am unable to judge, unless the strong emotion both evinced on mention of the latter, may authorise the belief they were natives of Caledonia. On embarking for the West Indies, I was placed under the care of a man of fortune and integrity; who, though ignorant of my father's connections, became so deeply interested in the concerns of the young

and amiable pair, whom he had met at the house of his Banker, as to offer the guardianship, most gladly accepted by the attached pair, who only feared for me. Mr. Melville was a widower, without children, or near relatives. His habits were those of elegance, and an ample fortune was rendered by his benevolence, useful to his fellow men. In infancy I experienced the attentions of a parent from this worthy man. As I advanced in years and studies, I was sent by my father's desire (who had by successful speculations, amassed a considerable property at Barbadoes,) to Harrow. Here, while intellectual improvement advanced, I formed friendships warm as ever youth inspired, and trust to find many who will remember the companion of their pennances, the partaker of their sports.

Better not, (cried Macleod).—

Say not so, (replied his guest,) the mere idea warms my bosom.

Proceed, (cried Macleod, roughly).

I seek not to boast, I escaped the venal errors of a school-boy, (continued Douglas). At sixteen, my parents, unable to bear a longer absence, wrote my recall, and I was summoned to London, where the amiable Melville embraced and bade me farewell. My obligations to his care were infinite, nor did my youthful gratitude fail to affect the worthy man; his adieu was that of a father to a dearly beloved son.

In London, I likewise bade farewell to many of my Harrow associates, many of whom were about to enter life with brilliant prospects; some succeeding to titles, others to places of honour and emolument, whilst some prepared their maiden speeches for the Senate. Shortly a favouring

gale, wafted me beyond the influence of tempestuous seas, or reflections of regret. On the luxurious breath of the trade breeze, a father's welcome, a mother's soft caress, seemed wafted. I remembered their tenderness to me in early life; their letters had been treasured, my father's with respectful feelings, but my mother's, so descriptive of softer affection, had ever an inexpressible charm, and were treasured by me, alike in infancy and ripening youth. The idea of meeting their writers, effaced England from recollection. Books had acquainted me with the land to which I was hastening, and my mother to entice me to her home, painted it in colours alluring to youth.

The evening breeze fanned our sails, as lit by a bright moon, the vessels of our fleet gently glided into Carlisle Bay. My parents had rewarded the slave who early in the day, had spied the welcome sails,

and were ready with a groupe of friends to embrace, and conduct me to a home, where all that their affection, or fortune could bestow, of pleasure, became mine. My father, though a gentleman, and a man of humanity, assimilated himself (whenever honour offered no barrier,) to the inhabitants and manners of the land, in which, at the time of my arrival, he possessed some considerable estates. He was known as " the man who never deceived a friend; degraded himself; revenged the injuries of an enemy; or oppressed a slave." I warmly appreciated the virtues of my parents. My mother was graceful in her person, and accomplished in her manners; the partner of her love, admitted her gentle sway, but she had no law but that of principle; or exerted her influence but in behalf of the unhappy. This amiable pair seemed to exist but in my sight; and, after so long

an absence, grudge the hours that were not spent in my society. Of this I could not complain, no where met I beings so accomplished, of manners so pleasing, or morality so pure.—During hours of privacy, I frequently mentioned Scotland, to whose people, my late protector, Mr. Melville, had frequently drawn my attention, from his partiality. My parents seemed to recoil as I spoke. Cease, cried my father, as one day I expressed more than ordinary curiosity respecting his story; cease, Alfred, to importune me. Could the communication add one hour to your existence, nay even a fleeting moment to your enjoyments, we would shew the wounds inflicted on our bosoms, point to their depth, and reveal the hand that urged the mental dagger in its course; but, as it is, since our misfortunes would but recall grief to ourselves, and give you pain; think no more of this; we cause

your mother's serenity to fade. From this moment I forbore to enquire to whom I bore affinity, if the noble name of Douglas was my right, or if Scotland were indeed our country. I was heir to fortune in the Island whither my parents destiny had led them. To be the son of Mr. Douglas, was distinction, and my power was beyond the wishes of humanity. Thus, the request with which I had wounded the feelings of my parents, seemed of little import, beyond the indulgence of a youthful curiosity; and this, put in competition with a mother's smile, faded to insignificance. Till nineteen, I passed my time in the enjoyments of a gay and social society, whose allurements were tempered to rationality, by a father's guidance. These happy hours became shortly clouded, and pleasure and mirth passed away as a dream. A dreadful fever broke out in the Islands, at first we but heard

of its ravages elsewhere, but shortly at Barbadoes, the severest effects of its pestilential fury were felt. Society separated, love feared the tender embrace, and friendship heard appalled, the news of *sudden death.* Whole families, with whom we had been wont to spend happy hours, were exterminated; the eye of beauty closed, the form of grace, sunk on the bier; the voice of melody was heard no more. As death after death reached my gentle mother, her cheek faded; she gazed with terror on the objects of her tenderness and fear. "If cried she, clasping her hands in supplication, none are doomed to survive, let the strokes pierce at once our united hearts, none live an hour to endure the agony of the other's loss." She bent first before the "destroying power;" her struggle was short, and hardly had her distracted husband witness-

ed the last sigh of her exhausted breath, than he became, in turn, the victim of disease. During these mournful hours, I was incapable of attending those dear and regretted beings, or even of comprehending that death assailed and conquered the authors of my life. Raging fever was succeeded by great debility, and for many weeks, my attendants concealed from me the intelligence of my being an orphan. To the cares of my slaves, I owe my return to health; it was thus they repaid my father's humanity. Returned from the verge of the grave, how changed seemed every object. The friends I loved, no more—hurried to their last abode, with scarce the decent rites of burial. The few acquaintance I met, turned away with tears, or hardened by the frequency of sorrowful events, approached with apathy, yet more appalling. I loathed the remem-

brance of my late happiness, and resolved to leave the Island, where every object recalled lost pleasure.

An answer to the letter I had written Mr. Melville during the first hours of my recovery, arrived ere my arrangements, concerning pecuniary transactions, were finished. The warm welcome he assured me of meeting; the whole tenor of his letter, confirmed me in the resolution of residing in England. I disposed of my estates, and converting their produce into bills on undoubted security, embarked for Britain. The evening previous to my departure, a slave of my father's, to whom I had given freedom, and who had witnessed my anxious search amongst my father's papers, brought me a small box; which, on removing some large chests, he had discovered in a recess in the wall of his master's apartment. It was marked

with my name, and eagerly I broke the lid. A letter only appeared, directed thus: "To my son Alfred Douglas; should he be an orphan ere his twenty-first year, as he values the memory of his father, let him not, till the night he attains that age, break this seal. Inclosed is a letter to the enemy of his parents, he will need cool reflection in the hour of its delivery. I bid him pardon the being whom his parents pity more than hate." For worlds would I not have parted the sacred seal—placing the letter and the bills that contained my worldly treasure, in a clasped pocket-book, I have not since allowed it to leave my breast; it is this book you have given into my hands. A while our voyage proved prosperous, but on nearing land, tremendous weather coming on, the fleet dispersed. On the events of that fatal night, and the awful struggles for existance

on the part of the crew, I forbear to expatiate. Your care, Sir, must, however, be acknowledged; let me express——

Nothing, interrupted Macleod, you had best tarry here till you hear from Mr. Melville, I allow such a man *may* be anxious about your fate.

With your leave then, replied Douglas, I shall remain till his answer arrives, the interval will give me strength to travel. The letter I wrote this morning will doubtless give pleasure to others, than the amiable Melville. I am anxious, Sir, cried Douglas, (his eye sparkled as he spoke,) to renew my boyish friendships, there is a vacancy in my heart that must be filled ere I can be happy.

You have only to declare your *fortune*, (cried Macleod, sarcastically,) friendship will be offered you.

If I know myself, (replied Douglas, proudly,) every friendship would not suit.

Well, (exclaimed Macleod, after a pause,) we may meet; I wander everywhere, and it is my delight to be in a few hours, so remote from the place I last occupied, that I hazard nothing from the impertinence of society. It is useless to relate to you my story, young man; I see from your's, its events would strike us differently. My mode of passing time may amuse you more. In all seasons, I travel much, and by temperance have brought my frame to encounter bodily fatigue, and inclemency of weather. Whilst I am moving; whilst the scene is varied, my mind is at ease. I am generally known as Macleod the insane Chief of Strathmay; and, whilst the beings amongst whom I occasionally mingle, animadvert on my habits, I discern more of madness in their actions. When I retire to my Castle, it is free from intrusion, and the desolate spot in which it is situated, has occasioned my preferring

it to other estates, more in the haunts of men. When I close my wanderings at its gates, perhaps tracing my way through deep snow, and in the dead of night, I am not insulted by the derision of domestics; no pampred menial sneers at my modes, but a woman admits me, one so aged and ugly, I almost forget the sex, and all their mischief.

But your neice, observed Douglas——

Is less ugly, you would say; 'tis true, but her I cannot banish. Her simple affection lulls reflection. Morna is a scholar; I instruct her when at home.

Your literary resources are great, (said Douglas, pointing to the books that lay confusedly on the floor of the apartment,) these shew an interest in the concerns of the world, beyond what your words led me to believe.

I collect my letters and newspapers once a year, (answered Macleod); does this shew

much interest concerning the world or its transactions?

I confess it does not.

I act thus to prevent trouble, and detect the errors of correspondents; their letters thus compared, have all the variety of rival newspapers, and form such a farrago of improbable absurdities, as even the writers would blush at, could they thus view the proteous correspondence. Expect Mr. Douglas no consistency in character; the hard hearted man can be kind; the humane, cruel; as the vane of circumstances whirls.

Douglas thought the eccentric being before him a strong proof of the justice of his own remark. Already had he witnessed, since his abode at the Castle, his kindness to some unfortunates, who sought the coast, resolved on emigration. Macleod had avowed himself the implacable

foe of Morna's parents, yet sheltered he their child with tenderness and affection.

After a silence of some minutes, Douglas enquired if he associated with Lord Morven, whose estate he had the day before mentioned as but a *step* from Strathmay.

Over one mouniain and down another at will; was his reply. Lord Morven courts my society, because I am unlike other men, and he is pleased to say, as strong a confirmation of Lord Monboddo's hypothesis, as lives. When you first became an inmate here, his Lordship sent rather a peremptory demand for "the *bones of your head*," from the idea the storm had sent ashore his favourite fish, and that you were the happy creature destined by nature to sport with the Syrens. To this I made some objection. I recommend you, if you wish the acquaintance of a man, however eccentric in his fan-

cies, of the soundest intellect in Scotland, to wait on him in town with your apology for not being dissected for his amusement. His nephew Angus, is somewhat superior to the common run of young men. I have *tried* to think ill of him, but without success.

In the afternoon, Macleod, without apology, after a fit of gloomy thought, left his guest; and Douglas soon descried him from the window, walking towards the hills. Unable to command his attention sufficiently to find amusement from a book, our hero soon laid aside the author he had opened, and sought the Castle gate for air and exercise.

Morna had placed her spinning wheel in a "blink o' the sun," and sat singing a plaintive Gaelic air, as she finished the task "auld Janet" had assigned her.

What may be the subject of this me-

lancholy strain, said Douglas, as she ceased the wild but sweet song?

It was composed, (said Morna,) by a poet of the country, on the fate of a Chieftain's daughter, who, parted from her lover by the cruelty of her friends, wandered in wretchedness, till suddenly disappearing, she was believed to have precipitated herself from the rocks of Strathmay.

The tear starts to your eye Morna; you must have sung this song often, yet the subject seems to move you, as if it were as new to yourself as it is to me, did you know the lady?

I did not know her, (said Morna, sighing,) nor do I often sing this song. My uncle, Janet says, must not hear it; it would remind him of my mother.

Your Mother, Morna!!

Hush, Janet comes, she has brought me

up from an infant, and I must not displease her, or murmur when she is severe ?

Severe to you, sweet Morna.

Not lately, only on the night you were brought into the Castle.

And was it for me, exclaimed Douglas, you incurred her anger.

I only clung round my uncle, and besought him to shelter you, I never dared to do so before, but then (added Morna, innocently,) I was never so interested for any one.

I owe then possibly my life to your intercession, (said Douglas, after a pause,) and shall often think of you. I would wish you to remember me as a friend; take this, (penciling his address at Mr. Melville's, banker,) the chances of life may so order it, that Douglas, in part, should return Morna's kindness.

The appearance of Janet checked reply; hastily depositing the card in her bosom,

Morna waved Douglas away; who, returning to the apartment he had quitted, spent the remainder of the evening in musing on the characters of Strathmay.

CHAPTER III.

Reflections—Douglas leaves Caithness—Meets a Stranger—A Highland Story.

NO doubt remained in the mind of Douglas, that the intellects of his host were partially deranged; occasion had given proof of his learning and talent in the course of conversation, yet this eccentric being disgraced both, by the rude exterior of a savage; as ashamed of man's proudest boast, the feeling of benevolence, he affected an apathy, scorning the "sweet courtesies of life," and inconsistent in every thing, scrupled not to own his persecutions of the parents at the time he sheltred the child. Douglas felt affected by the

story, the situation, and the simple manners of Morna, and her idea was the only one that in his solitary hours at Strathmay charmed him from visions of the late awful scene.

Macleod, when he returned from his rambles, used no ceremony with the stranger, and frequently without seeming to notice him, threw himself on one of the rude couches that stood in the common apartment, and sunk to profound sleep. One day, when after inveighing on the folly of serving his fellow creatures the cynic had fallen into a deep slumber ; Morna who had listened in silent attention to his discourse, advanced softly to Douglas. My Lord Morven's servants (said she looking earnestly in his face, as anxious to read the impression made on the stranger by her uncle's words,) told Janet, the night the poor wanderers were sheltered by their master, my uncle assisted to help the aged

to the huts provided for them, and even carried himself the half frozen babies to the fires kindled to warm them. Is this (said Morna pleadingly) sternness?

No, my dear girl, humanity.

I love to hear you say so (exclaimed the tender girl) for though strangers ridicule him, and Janet shakes her head, and tells me I have no cause to love him, I do so, tenderly.

And your love sweet Morna, will call down a blessing on his age, whatever may have been the blemishes of his youth.

Do you know any thing of my uncle's youth, enquired Morna, looking innocently in Douglas's face. He was touched, and gently putting her away, opened a book laying near him, on which she modestly withdrew.

Douglas, as he recovered from the melancholy impression of the Shipwreck, and felt his health renovated, began to feel his situation irksome. Though his feelings were

warm, and the recent death of his parents, and the late awful scene he had encountered, had partially damped the fire of youth, he could not be insensible to the prospects before him; that he was possessed of fortune, and that the pleasures of a gay world were opening to his enjoyment. The beauty of the simple Morna touched his senses; her story, his heart, but the impression on either was not powerful eough to induce him to remain an intimate of Macleod's mansion many hours after receiving Mr. Melville's letter. The worthy guardian of Douglas's youth, with fervor congratulated him on his providential; escape he expressed his gratitude to Macleod, but urged his young friend to join him in London, where he stated, that he intended only to remain a few months, having purchased an estate in Scotland, on which he had resolved in future to reside. I find my dear Alfred,

(wrote the good man,) that in these times no one is permitted to grow old, in London, I will try if our northern neighbours allow of any comfort after sixty. My house (as will my property ultimately,) must be yours, it is large enough to live without restraint, and as I have not had yet resolution to declare myself unfit for the gaiety of the metropolis, you will not find my friends too grave.

Macleod endeavoured to conceal the regret he felt at parting from our hero, by venting ill timed satire on the society in which he was about to mingle, yet the cynic pressed the hand of man, and pressed it warmly.

Morna's eyes glistened for some hours after Douglas had wished her happiness, she sat intently gazing on the rising ground that had hid him from her view, lost in thought, till rouzed by the peevish voice of Janet, who reminded her, in allusion to

her idleness, past time would not return.

It will not indeed sighed Morna to herself, as with pensive steps she returned to the Castle, now will Strathmay appear a solitude.

Meantime, Douglas passed on through a bleak and dreary country, where nature seldom entices the eye of taste to explore and admire. Dark heathy hills, chill and bleak cottages, and gloomy vallies, at length gave way to cultivation and verdure, the glens of Rosshire, rich in stream and woods, and the cliffs of its picturesque coast, appeared to relieve his wearied eye. Whilst Douglas waited the crossing of the ferry at Invergordon, he observed two young gentlemen take the warm farewell of friendship; they paced the beach and seemed as willing to prolong the moment of departure. The scene was interesting to our hero; as yet he had no friend similar in years and habits, he was as yet a

stranger at home. As the ferry-boat glided over, the younger of the gentlemen waved his adieus with more than common regard, and which prevented his immediately attending to the companion chance had given him. Douglas at length sought to enter into conversation, and his overtures being accepted by the stranger with the frankness of a Scotsman, and the ease of superior manners, our hero had soon to felicitate himself on having met with an agreeable companion, during the remainder of his journey in the person of Mr Angus, Lord Morven's nephew, the man whom Macleod *could not hate*. He informed Douglas he had remained after his uncle left Caithness, on a visit to the friend from whom he had just parted, and whose estate lay in Stratherrick.

The barriers to intimacy being removed by Mr Melville's intimacy with Lord Morven, a circumstance of which Angus in-

formed our hero, the gentlemen felt at liberty to improve the mutual liking they entertained for each other. During their journey, this reciprocal regard considerably strengthened, and it was during a dreary stage of the Highland road, that, on Douglas expressing his curiosity concerning the friend from whom Angus had parted, that gentleman related a Highland story.

CHAPTER IV.

The Lovers of Stratherrick.

NEAR where the Foyers rushes its wild waters to Lochness, on the summit of a mountain, rising proudly from woods of picturesque beauty, stands the magnificent seat of Sir Edward Rose, its owner, possessing a princely revenue from his ancestors, and the gains of a high situation abroad. When in the noon of life he returned to Scotland, he spared no expence in enlarging and adding ornament to a Castle hitherto neglected during the many years spent by him in the West India Islands.

Sir Edward, though plain in his person and habit, was of luxurous temperament, his table was served with every delicacy of foreign refinement; his retinue numerous; his equipage magnificent, and the profusion of his establishment soon rendered the late desolate castle the resort of the gentlemen of the country, who were content to vary the monotony of their life by the varied scenes of amusement provided at the residence of Sir Edward.

With the profusion I have described, there was extreme meanness blended; whilst thousands were scattered before the traveller, or the guest of a month, the objects of Sir Edward's transitory amours, the offspring of his vices were alike left to the bitter portion of neglect and infamy; many were the mothers, disregarded by the rich man, beyond the hour of passion, and left to beg from door to door the morsel given them with taunts by such as knew

them; many the child, whose infancy, nipped by poverty and snow, needed the warmth and shelter, never denied the stranger. One was fated to wander awhile exposed to the miseries of its parent, then return the declared heiress of her father's possessions.

The mother of Caroline, neglected by him whom she had preferred to "her good name," fled in dispair from Strath-errick, from every haunt known to youth and shame, anxious only to conceal herself from the "ken" of former friends; from the companions who could enter the church unreproved, from those who spoke loudly of her error only because the crime had not obtained her a maintenance.

The wandering mother of Caroline, pressing her babe to her aching bosom, embarked at one of the nearest ports for London. Fortunately on board the same vessel an elderly Lady had taken her passage,

who, on their arrival at the place of their destination, recommended her to a country-woman, who, on hearing the wanderer's story, and assured that her penitence was sincere, consented to befriend her. Mrs. Davis, the name assumed by the poor woman, for some years maintained herself and daughter by working for the ready-made linen warehouses, and though her occupation was that of toil and fatigue, she could lay her head on her pillow, with the hope another day of industry and comparative innocence, had pleaded in extenuation of moments of guilt.

Alas, the wretched woman was suffered to exult for awhile; but temptation returned, and with it error. Caroline was eight years old, when her father, appointed to a seat in Parliament, came to London, accidentally met her mother, and renewed his intercourse with her. Of chilled heart and stern manners, Sir Edward beheld

without pity, the infant graces of his child, nor allowed his mind to dwell on her probable fate, should he not hold out a protecting hand to save her from her mother's fate. That infatuated woman, though on her abode none of her lover's affluence was lavished; though, however profuse to others, he neglected affording her necessaries; and allowed her, by setting of lodgings, to gain alone the means of food and raiment to his child and herself:—she was contented during days of misery, if at their close she beheld him for an hour; and rejoiced at his voice, though its accents were those of tyranny and harshness.

Mrs. Davis now shrunk from her child; heretofore the incentive to virtuous industry; her innocence became a reproach, no longer a pleasure; and conscious from that period there was no recoil, when her child must be drawn by a mother's hand to infamy, or suffered to remain uncontа-

minated, must despise the mother that bore her: the unhappy woman could not look on her unoffending daughter without aversion.

Poor Caroline, (though no father smiled on her youth, though a mother turned from her glance, nor when she attained her fourteenth year, congratulated her;) had yet one friend.—A young gentleman distantly related to Sir Edward, was placed by him in Mrs. Davis's lodgings, till his appointment in one of the professions should take place. A youth of sixteen, and the innocent Caroline two years younger, could not be supposed capable of entertaining a serious attachment, tho' compassion on one side, and gratitude on the other, might conspire to link their tender hearts.

Young Irvin beheld with pity, one so good and fair exposed to contempt and disregard; he marked Sir Edward just

glance at the delicacy of her fragile form, and call on her with unfeeling callousness for the services of a menial; her mother start at her appearance, and peevishly bid her avoid her sight. Often when Caroline's tender heart was oppressed with sorrow, has Irvin comforted and consoled her; he was suspected by no one of more than common interest, and hence had many opportunities of passing hours with the object of his solicitude, and presenting her acceptable gifts. The warm mantle with which Caroline was wrapt during the severity of winter, as she walked to her obscure school, was given her by Irvin; he walked by her side to guard her from insult, and relieve her from the burthen of her books; and when the evening closed, and Caroline had served the board of her parents, some instructive and amusing volume provided by Irvin, was read by the young pair with interest and

delight. Caroline's mind was thus drawn pleasingly from her situation; the respect her youthful friend paid her was gratifying to her spirit; she was of an age to comprehend that the world visited the sins of the parents on their offspring; that her's were living a life of guilt, and that with the good and worthy she was not likely ever to hold communion. From the contempt of the few with whom she had occasion to exchange converse, from thoughts borrowing their dark colour from a mother's shame, the hapless girl turned to Irvin's respect. Had she been heiress to Sir Edward, she could not have received greater homage from the generous youth. "He is my only friend," sighed Caroline; soon was she to know her interest in his concerns was dearer than friendship.

Irvin deciding on the navy, he was appointed to a frigate stationed off Cadiz,

and with sparkling eyes communicated the intelligence to Caroline. Her altered countenance repressed his rapture, and tenderly soothing her, he spoke of his *return.* Caroline's distress prevented her noticing Irvin, who, for the first time addressed her by the epithets of love. Ah, Sir, exclaimed she, you who have many friends cannot comprehend what I must feel on losing my only one.

A time may come cried the youth, tenderly embracing her, when Caroline and Irvin may be more than friends.

CHAPTER V.

Continuation of the lovers of Stratherick.

IRVIN departed to engage in the perils of a service, uniting the dangers of the sword and the elements. Leaving Caroline to solitude, the poor girl mourned over recollection, recalled every act of tender generosity, of considerate respect, and hung with the devotion of a saint over every relict of his gifts.

She felt her few comforts had faded away.

When others had forgotten to mention Irvin, Caroline would start affrightened at the cry of "glorious intelligence," that

broke on the solitary evening hours.—"The fleets have met, many exist no more," would she tremblingly exclaim; and, closing her ears to the appalling sounds, petition the God of battles.

Irvin, however, was as yet uninjured, though distinguished by the bravery of a Scotish youth. He dared not write himself, and hesitated to trust the name of Caroline to any. Yet the soft prayer she breathed for his safety was returned.

Mrs. Davis shortly added to the fatigue and mental anxiety of her daughter.—When Sir Edward was absent she could think, and a violent pulmonary attack about this period rendered her temper so irrascible as to add to her illness, and at length reduced her to the last extremity. The partner of her crime was at his seat in Scotland, and to him Mrs. Davis commanded Caroline to write. The first letter this hapless daughter penned, was to describe

a mother's misery, to tell she approached *judgment*, and called on him who had caused her error, to hasten to receive foregiveness, and to join in imploring that of heaven.

Caroline's hand shook as she formed the almost illegible characters ; her heart panted, and her ideas were confused, yet she painted in colours of truth, a mother's grief, her regrets, and her fears.

Sir Edward, on receiving this letter, blistered with a daughters tears, hesitated not an instant in hastening to the scene of distress.

As the foaming steeds of Sir Edward's equipage drove him to the obscure lodgings of Mrs. Davis, Caroline, pale and trembling, met him on the steps ; scarce looking on her, he rushed forward, without speaking, to the chamber of her mother. The interview was long and affecting. Sir Edward listened to the hol-

low voice; gazed on the sunken eye, and heard the secrets of the heart revealed. The man of pleasure shuddered at reflection, at the thought that to *this*, all must come

Mrs. Davis died in Sir Edward's arms. Convulsed by anguish and despair, when Caroline looking on the countenance of her father, as he entered the apartment where she wept, saw by its expression that all was over. Be comforted child said the late indifferent father, embracing her, I am now your only parent, and have *sworn* to protect you. Had your mother survived, she would have been my wife.

Such are the words of the dissipated man, when exposed to such a scene as we have described. Such his resolutions. But shortly the awful impression fades, and the promise of good is dissipated.

Johnstone, cried Sir Edward, she is

overcome, carry her gently to the carriage; do you return and direct the funeral.

Supported by a father's arm, Caroline reached Sir Edward's house in Arlington street, where his domestics were directed to serve her as the heiress of their master. Awhile she was insensible to this change of situation; fatigue and anxiety operating on her delicate frame, caused indisposition, and nature bade her greive yet more bitterly, as her she mourned, was unfit to die. As time elapsed, health returned, and the recollections of sorrow were blunted. Caroline then, of too gentle and affectionate a heart to behold the alteration unmoved, saw her late stern indifferent father attentive to her wants, and rendering her known to his friends, as one to whom every tittle of the oath he had sworn, was about to be fulfilled.

Every elegance was now lavished on Miss Rose, her father seemed to find consolation, in bestowing all that wealth could purchase; his pride was gratified by the admiration she excited, and he stilled the recollection of the wants of her childhood.

The first masters were engaged to instruct the fair Caroline, and two years' application added to her desire of improvement and capacity, rendered her so far advanced in accomplishment, as to induce Sir Edward to take her north, accompanied by a lady of considerable talent in quality of governess. Caroline's return was splendid to that country she had left as a poor helpless babe, shivering at the winter's blast, and pressed to the bosom of a wandering and forsaken mother. She was hardly seventeen when placed at the head of the most brilliant establishment in Scotland, and avowedly destined by her father to wed with no-

bility. Could money purchase the distinction, Sir Edward's overbearing disposition, his firm determination of being obeyed in ought his caprice dictated, to such as were dependent on him, met with no opposition from his gentle daughter; from childhood she had been accustomed to bend her tender form, her mild manner to subjection. This submissive spirit endeared her to Sir Edward, and rendered her an interesting object to such as would have otherwise considered her with disdain. Caroline's beauty was delicate, her countenance more distinguished for expression than feature: it was such as a painter would have bestowed on a seraph. Sir Edward, as he contemplated it, fancied alalready a ducal coronet on her brow; meantime his daughter mused on Irvin.

The governess chosen by Sir Edward was fully competent to the task of her pupil's improvement, and her selfish disposi-

tion, rendered her as useful to the father. When Sir Edward conversed with her first, and previous to leaving London gave her instructions concerning Miss Rose, these were his words: "Guard her from foolish attachments; if I sacrifice my whole fortune to bribe the pride of ancestry, she shall marry greatly, but I swear if she opposes me in this, no hour, no season, no past oath, shall prevent me from turning her from my doors, to perish miserably. If, on the contrary, through your means, and your instruction, she have no will, no choice, no love, but such as I point out, depend on receiving from me a *compliment.*"

The promise of Sir Edward sunk on the mercenary spirit of Miss Delville, she endeavoured to persuade herself she did her duty in her future conduct. Already had she won by her carresses from the gentle Caroline the secret of her love, and

all the circumstances attending her acquaintance with Irvin, but as yet, she forbore to apprise Sir Edward of her discovery. The hour approached when Irvin and his Caroline were to meet, far other, than they parted.

Thus far, reader, the author has pursued the story, the heads of which Mr. Angus related to his new acquaintance, with more brevity and simplicity of style, than is here presented; that gentleman, however as he came to the period of his narrative, when he had formed an intimate acquaintance with the lovers, became more warm in his descriptions, and thus proceeded :—

In an attack on a vessel of superior force, Irvin received a severe wound on the head, which ultimately deprived him of sight; this misfortune occasioned his leaving a service in which his career had been marked with glory, and he retired with a

handsome pension to his paternal property in Stratherrick. As boys, Irvin and myself had been attached; together followed mountain sports, together conn'd youthful lessons, and to my bosom only had he confided his love for Caroline. Inexpressibly shocked at the news of his misfortune, I hastened to his abode, where the gentlemen of the county were assembled to hail his return, as a true son of his country, and express at the same time, admiration of his conduct, and pity at the termination of his career. To my surprise and joy, Irvin appeared in health, his wound had by no means disfigured his person, and gazing on him, I thought I had seldom seen so fine a young man; he was resigned to his misfortune, and but for the sable band that was passed across his eyes, a stranger would not from his manner have perceived the deprivation. When the interest excited in the country, allow-

ed of our being in private, Irvin enquired in a faultering voice, if Caroline were well and happy.

I recapitulated the events that had taken place at the Castle since his absence; and as I told, that, the neglected child of Sir Edward, was now its proudest boast; observing the agitation of my friend, I added, doubtless for your sake, for you, she has thus prospered.

No, Angus, (replied the generous youth), all I have asked, all I have wished, is granted. I cannot forget I am her friend; as such, I must not even think her mine.

In a few days Sir Edward called on my friend. His manner was so cordial, I was assured Caroline had not excited suspicion; he spoke of her illness as having prevented an earlier visit, and pressed us both to ride over and pass some days at his residence. I trembled for my friend; the entrance of a gentleman prevented a

decision respecting the invitation, and Sir Edward departed.

I augured ill of the lovers meeting under the present circumstances, and advised Irvin to defer his visit, if not wholly refuse it; mean time, I was his constant attendant, he leant on my arm during his walks. I guided the reins of his horse, in our rides, and constantly accompanied him in the visits he was urged to pay in a country that rung with praise of his bravery and regret for his fate. During this intercourse with the neighbouring families, Irvin could not avoid hearing the general opinion of Caroline. As her virtues were extolled, her gentleness commended, he pressed my arm with an emotion of pleasure. He sighed as her beauty became the theme. Never, said he, shall I gaze on her improved charms; witness the sweet blush that tinges her modest face; nor view its mild expression more.

Many spoke of conjectured alliances; but, as yet, Sir Edward was believed not to have made his election, though his house became the centre of attraction to the wealthy and the noble, from the magnificence of his establishment, and the charms of his daughter.

When at length Sir Edward's repeated invitations overcame objection, and even Irvin pleaded with me to hear the voice of Caroline again, I consented to accompany him to the Castle.

We approach the woods, said I to my friend, as the waving avenues to Sir Edward's abode opened to our view. Irvin was silent; he seemed lost in thought, and the agitation of his mind flushed his cheek to crimson.

As we slowly rode on, my reflections on the probable consequences of the approaching meeting between Miss Rose and her lover, were diverted by the appear-

ance of a lady on horseback before us in the avenue. Her figure, and the grace, with which she rein'd in her horse as she lingered, as in expectation of some one, her servant, as I conjectured, from her being unattended, convinced me it was Caroline.

As we approached, she turned her head, and turning deadly pale, with difficulty kept her saddle; my friend's name broke from her pallid lips, with a fervency that shewed how it had been treasured; how memory had cherished it.

Irvin started at the sound; 'tis Caroline, exclaimed he, I know that voice. Irvin returns, but changed as he is, do you acknowledge him?

Could I forget you, cried the tender girl, bursting into tears; forget my first friend, he who when all else disowned me, cherished and respected me. Oh! never. I cannot wish you to love me, observed

my friend; his voice was tremulous and low.

Heaven is my witness, (replied Caroline, forgetting in her earnestness, that their interview was noticed by Irvin's friend,) never were you dearer, never more desirable to my heart than now; your misfortune has but increased my attachment, accept my services during the remainder of your life.

Your services, Caroline, no—could I protect you, guard, support you; offer you an equivalent for your noble sacrifice for my sake, then might I admit the happiness you alone can bestow to Irvin—but it is otherwise, and I am yet your friend, and never will blight your youth by such an union.

Madam, exclaimed I, your servant approaches; my friend is on his way to the Castle, I conjure you to be guarded; Sir

Edward's hopes, his resolutions, concerning yourself are but too well known.

Irvin dropt the hand that had grasped his, as he rode near his mistress; she looked at him tenderly, and waving her hand to me, rode swiftly away.

My friend, however he had believed himself capable of sustaining an interview with Caroline, shewed so much agitation in his manner, that I was rejoiced to find on our arrival, some hours would intervene ere the time of Sir Edward's guests assembling to a late dinner.

The apartments to which we were shewn, adjoined each other; and, ere Irvin met Sir Edward, I partly succeeded in calming his feelings.

The hospitality of our entertainer was proverbial; the magnificence of his banquets the wonder of the country. A board was daily spread with every luxury;

a numerous retinue gorgeously arrayed, attended; and musicians of skill, added by harmony to varied pleasure, as my friend, leaning on my arm, entered the salloon, where a numerous party were assembled, paying court to Caroline, the rising sun. All eyes were directed towards him; his manly and elegant form, and the interest excited by his misfortunes, rendered him an object of their attention. Sir Edward led his daughter towards her lover, and bade her welcome him. Irvin started and reddened. I pressed his arm, and he resisted the feeling that would have impelled him to kneel before her. From this time they were inseparable. Sir Edward, as impelled by some fatality, fanned the lovers' flame; and, blind to the partiality all else discerned, encouraged Caroline to sing, to play on the harp, and read to Irvin. Left together during the long mornings, in which the guests of Sir

Edward were variously occupied, my friend's treacherous heart could not resist the fascination ; and forgetting his former determination of avoiding the gentle Caroline, passed his hours as entranced by her spells—these were but a voice of music, words of tenderness, and attentions of the heart. Miss Delville's indisposition prevented her being a check on these interviews, and Caroline, though in the first period of their acquaintance, she had been induced to confide to her the attachment of her childood, had now become more acquainted with her character, and forebore to speak of Irvin when she visited Miss Delville's chamber.

Perhaps a pair more interesting than the unfortunate Irvin and his Caroline, could not be found in the annals of love. The patience with which his mind had hitherto borne his deprivation, now faded

before the desire of beholding her he loved.

I hear of your beauty, (would he exclaim,) well do I remember its spring, Caroline; it seems the only light that breaks on my darkened vision; none that praise you, view as I would; yet this is denied, never again shall I behold your lovely face, your graceful form; gaze on your eyes of softest blue, or part on your fair forehead its adorning tresses.

Thus would Irvin apostrophyse his fair mistress, on whose face no smile appeared unless she was engaged in his service. My friend was wrapt in Elysium, and marked not the moment of his stay. I fancied at length Sir Edward wore not his accustomed complacency; when I spoke of departure, he heard me coolly, and the intreaty of stay, on which Irvin's happiness depended, was not given. He was compelled to

bid his Caroline farewell, and their first and last embrace was exchanged.

In the quiet of his home, my unhappy friend was enabled to muse on the means of promoting his beloved's happiness, and to attain fortitude to abandon all his own joys to secure her's. The period soon came when Irvin acted as nobly as he thought.

Many noble houses had rejected the offer of Sir Edward's alliance, on account of his daughter' birth. At length, Lord Fern, in consideration of the magnificent dowry promised with Miss Rose, proposed the match to his son. Mr. Grey having a disengaged heart, consented to visit Sir Edward; and, should Caroline in person and manner meet his wishes, to marry her. It was this gentleman her father expected at the Castle, when he forbore to press our stay. That Mr. Grey, when introduced to Miss Rose, should become her

passionate admirer, could not be wondered at, but though elegant, accomplished, and moral, he failed to win her regards.

The intended marriage, and the exultation of Sir Edward, became the talk of Stratherrick; nor could I prevent my friend from hearing news so destructive to his happiness.

When I know she consents, this mental pain will be past, said he, as we spoke of Caroline and Grey.

And how my friend can you know this?

From herself; she will not refuse to meet me. Go to her, Angus, tell her 'tis my last request, and remind her the friend of her youth intreats it.

Caroline met us in the wood adjoining the Castle, and whilst her father revelled with his guests, wept over him "far dearer than a'." I melted with compassion as I witnessed the sorrows of two beings so amiable; never, can I aver, did pair love

so fervently, so chastly; nature and affection claimed the first moments of their interview. Irvin spoke of former hope, of present regret. Then nobly soaring above his weakness, laid all his love on the shrine of Caroline's happiness; affectingly conjuring her to marry his rival.

I know his character, (said the generous Irvin,) it is that of delicacy and honour; rather would I resign you to him, than any breathing.

Miss Rose could resist his intreaty, but she had a harsher nature to contend with, one who deigned not to supplicate. Miss Delville now made known the secrets of her pupil, and carried her papers, and various documents of the truth of her communication, to Sir Edward; and he, who could warm and wound with the same breath, scrupled not to denounce vengeance on the gentle Caroline.

Make your choice cried he; who,

when turned from my door, will shelter you? what be your fate? prostitution and a miserable death. Irvin cannot afford you an asylum; I have a deed in my possession that renders his inheritance doubtful. I can reduce him to poverty by the contest; resolve, therefore, to become an outcast, or the pride of my name.

Her lover deprived of comfort through her means; exposed without a home; a wanderer without sight; chilled the blood of the unhappy girl. Alas! (cried she to Sir Edward,) I am your's, do with me as you will, but respect, befriend, the unfortunate Irvin.

Miss Rose on the following morning, was united to Mr. Grey. As her father supported her trembling steps to the carriage that waited to convey them to Lord Fern's seat in Lanarkshire, he suddenly stopt, and drawing a paper from his pocket,

Caroline, said he, present this deed to Miss Delville, a reward for her care.

Better you present it, my father, cried Mrs. Grey faintly, averting her head; better you present it, I feel I cannot bestow that gift.

At evening, when the gay retinue, the exulting bridegroom, and the mournful bride had departed; when all was still but Irvin's heart, he intreated me to lead him to the wood, and he who was intrepid in battle, and invulnerable to selfish ills, wept over the spot where he persuaded the only woman he had ever loved, to resign him for another.

Mr. Grey made the tenderest of husbands. When, two years after her marriage, Mrs. Grey visited Stratherrick, she came only accompanied by her infant and domestics. Sir Edward and his son-in-law had gone on Parliamentary business to Eng-

land, whether the delicate health of Caroline, admitted not of her going.

Irvin now exerted the virtue he eminently possessed; he sought not again to hear the voice on whose gentle accents he had delghted to dwell, or listen to the soft step to which his heart had been wont to palpitate. Never did Caroline and Irvin again meet. Had they done so, I must have rejoiced at my friend's misfortune that he was incapable of marking the progress of grief on the cheek of beauty. *Irvin's fair rose had withered.*

Caroline was never heard to complain; she tried to smile on the father who had sacrificed her to ambition; but secretly the worm preyed on her heart. On the following year, she ceased to sigh, and all Sir Edward could bestow on his natural daughter, was a tomb amongst his ancestors. My friend has never spoken of Mrs. Grey since her death. Once Sir Edward

met him, and in the wood where his daughter had last parted from her lover. Do not refuse my hand, (were his words), were I, Irvin, to live over again the last few years, I would act differently.

Grey mourned the fate of his wife with true affection. Whilst he attended her in her last moments, he learnt from her lips the particulars of her attachment to my friend. His first care was to seek out Irvin. Caroline's name was not mentioned, but Grey led his *child* to *Irvin's embrace.*

The prospect changes, said Angus, looking from the carriage, and concluding the story.

CHAPTER VI.

Douglas arrives in London—Characters of Ton.

DOUGLAS at the end of his journey, was received with open arms by the venerable Melville. Angus, who had accompanied his companion to the entrance of his future abode, left him instantly to seek his uncle; and the first evening of our hero's arrival in town, was devoted to the recital of every event of interest occurring, since when a boy, he had left Mr. Melville's care, and embarked for Barbadoes.

In a few days, Douglas found himself at home; his pecuniary matters were arranged by Mr. Melville's banker, and every

necessary equipment made in the style, our hero's fortune allowed. Mr. Melville had mentioned Lord Morven and Angus in terms of great regard; Douglas was therefore gratified by an early visit from the venerable nobleman and his heir, and shortly after, received an invitation to dinner, in which Mr. Melville was included. Angus had taken care, the friends Douglas mentioned to him on their journey as school-fellows at Harrow, and more particularly intimate, should meet him at Morven house.

The venerable nobleman who owned the elegant residence, had both great and good qualities. A wish of notoriety indeed made him at times the dupe of theorists of less intellect than himself; but when the reader considers how limited the field of fame, or uncommon exploit is become, Lord Morven, may be excused. One noble distinguishes himself on the coach-box;

another by bringing a venerable father into a court of justice ; a third sells his child to the hoary debauchee, with whom his worst hours have been spent ; and more, dishonourably give up the trust consigned to them at the altar, and unblushingly come forward to claim pecuniary reparation. To this right honourable notoriety, Lord Morven, could neither by blood or principle aspire. Since then his life was an example of what birth should be distinguished by, what mattered it, if the eye of another saw not so clearly as his, the meaning of an illegible inscription, or that he occasionally neglected the beauties of Terra Firma for aquatic belles.

Douglas' Harrow associates, were invited more out of compliment to him, than from any particular esteem in which they were held by Lord Morven or Angus; the latter who had heard his fellow traveller expatiate on the pleasurable meeting he

anticipated with the companions of his boyish days, and who was more acquainted with the apathy of modern manners than our hero; could scarce refrain from smiling at the astonishment Douglas expressed at the unconcern with which Lord Vain, Colonel Bryan, and Mr. Mahon, heard of his danger and his escape. As however, his fortune became the topic of conversation, this indifference wore away, and on parting, their overtures were too pressing to be resisted.

When Douglas, two days after, called on Lord Vain, whom as a wild boy, he had often extricated from scrapes both literary and pecuniary; he was received with something of the manner that has for some years been obsolete amongst men of fashion. This leader often condescended to humour the prejudices of one who might be useful to him; and in consequence laid aside the contradicting repartee, the person-

al jest, and the rude familiarity that rendered him the envy of less courageous men. Lord Vain, had four years before succeeded to his father in the possession of a considerable property, and was already distressed for money, that is for the payment of all just demands; for as to specie for a gambling debt, the indulgence of a courtezan's caprices, damages at Doctor's Commons, or the refinements of luxury, no man had more than his Lordship—with little talent but for intrigue, a person of aukward proportion, and features more expressive of effrontery than intellect. It might be reasonably supposed his Lordship was not high in the estimation of the fair; the direct contrary was however the case, and the court beauties, from the old Countess of Evergreen, down to Lady Charlotte Darville, declared him iresistible. Marriage, Lord Vain had not tried; the Duke of Lanville's daughter, supposed

the greatest fortune in England, was yet in the nursery ; and by the time she was marriageable, he calculated that dissipation and him would have shaken hand for age.

Douglas, as has been observed, was received by this accomplished nobleman with something like courtesy ; he ever affected an interest in his concerns, and shewed it by coolly hinting two or three honourable, easy ways, of spending as many thousands with little trouble to the parties concerned. Your's is a cottage fortune Douglas, said Lord Vain, you must either increase or diminish it to make a figure ; medium are not to be borne. I am for instance, always as rich as Crœsus, or as poor as a knight of Windsor ; my mistresess are either giants or dwarfs ; and as to literature, for, as we are seated in a library, the thing occurs, I like its octavos, the fine bust of Sam Johnson, and the

treble of Petrarcha. Do you go to Mahon's concert, I think he invited you at Morven's?

Both Mr. Melville and myself, said Douglas, are too passionately fond of music, to fail.

Ay! do go, (cried Vain, yawning,) do go, I'm quite alive at the idea of an Irish concert, Erin go bragh, I suppose relieved by sprigs of shelalah. By the by, Alfred, sink Melville in your discourse, your behaviour to him at Morven's dinner, occasioned my being asked whether he were your tutor or grandfather.

I should thought Mr. Melville too generally known for such a mistake, observed Douglas, coolly as he rose.

What, you are going, my good fellow, your bow is elegant enough, but nobody bows, now, so don't forget the hint.

From Lord Vain's, Douglas went to the house of Colonel Bryan, who had lately

married a city heiress, and commenced an establishment more expensive than elegant; the stranger was ushered into the bride's boudoir, and introduced as the Colonel's early friend. Bryan, who was a fine dashing young man, had been remarkable for judgment in beauty long e're any other sprung; Douglas was therefore somewhat surprised, as he glanced towards the lady of his choice; but want of money had taught Bryan philosophy, as far as matrimony went. Other matters might be elucidated by the Duchess, who leant her fair form, in contrast to Mrs. Bryan's on the opposite ottoman, and who was known by the veriest child, at the west end of the town as the Colonel's particular friend.

The highest act of friendship her Grace however conferred on her lover, was, in refusing to take advantage of a moment of false courage, in which he had actually offered her marriage.

No Charles, said she, this were to ruin us both in love and fortune, *you* may do better, *I* can. Bryan took such disinterested advice, and added Miss Doublerefined's lozenges to his arms.

Expecting the bride's mental qualifications would compensate for want of personal attraction, Douglas endeavoured to engage her in conversation; but the Colonel more jealous of her words than person, continually interrupted what she said, or seemed to say with, I perceive you are about to express my thoughts on the subject; allow me to explain, &c. &c.—— The Duchess, meantime was sketching a design for the embroidery of her dear friend's presentation dress; occasionally glancing archly from the corners of her dark eyes at the gentlemen; Douglas attracted by the elegance of her person, and the captivation of her manners, soon left the bride of eighteen, for the coquette of

sixty, but greater personages kept him in countenance in this matter.

Her Grace had too much policy, to allow a first look of an admirer to be an attentive one. Contenting herself, therefore, with requesting Bryan to bring his friend to Hastings House, she rose to take leave. Mrs. Bryan, overpowered by her Grace's condescension in passing the morning with her, and exerting her fancy for her adornment, almost sobbed her thanks. The simpleton, in a kind of *Margate-Hoy farewell*, hoped she would love the Colonel for *her sake*. The Duchess promised to *try*—and, led by Douglas, gayly tripped to her carriage, where her humble friend, Miss Brown, had been patiently waiting her leisure, during the *four hours* passed at the Colonel's. Her patroness was, however, received with smiles, and was, as usual, obliged to guess her amiable friend's meaning.

Oh the creature, (cried the Duchess, throwing herself back as the carriage drove on,) the vulgar creature, I shall expire with confusion as I lead her up to Majesty.

How beautiful, exclaimed the obsequious Miss Brown, as she bent to examine the rich bracelet that bound her patroness's wrist.

Ay, a present, a token to remember her by; as if one could ever forget her. I dried her tears this morning. Bryan had not been home all night, and nothing but frays with watchmen, naughty women, and robbery and murder, ran in the Temple Bar imagination of his spouse. I thought she once looked at me with meaning, but that was only a qualm. Poor Bryan, his misfortunes call for all my consolation, Brown; but remember you ask Mr. Melville's steward something concerning a Mr. Douglas, and if the Countess of Revel, or

the widow Insurance, are yet acquainted with him.

Your Grace, (cried a faithful old servant, hobbling up to the coach door, as it stopt at Hasting's house,) Lady Euphrasia is ill, very ill, I sent every where in search of your Grace.

I understand nothing of children's complaints, (said the tender mother,) send for Sir Martin Julip. Idickens, your abrupt manner has struck on my nerves; an extension of my ride will perhaps relieve me, Lancaster's William.

Whilst Sir Martin is persuading Lady Euphrasia to take her mixture, with the same indifference expected from her in matrimonial matters, and her nervous mother turns over Madame's finery, and talks of a bill payable next century, the reader will accompany us to Mr. Mahons.

CHAPTER VII.

Preparations for a Rout—An Irish Family—Modern Friendship.

LOOK, cried Mahon, as he seized our hero's arm on his entrance, and dragged him to every corner of his metamorphosed abode; look Douglas, the passages are all labyrinths and wildernesses; and here under the stair case, I have turned the house maid's broom closet into a Hermitage—here the old butler is to sit all night in his spectacles over the house-keeper's large book, with "sweetest sweetest melancholy," over his head in coloured lamps.

Give me credit for that idea, Carol, (cried Miss Mahon, whose vivacity in her

address was by no means checked by the shortness of her introduction to our hero,) there has been nothing like it this season Mr. Douglas, I beg you to admire the arrangement.

You may come, as you will, (cried her sister Julia, with more point than she was aware of,) some of the company will have characters, the greater part none, and you know those that are assumed, may be thrown off at will, only wait till some great person gives the example. The Duchess of Hastings promised me to be here early, to give the thing eclat. Julia run to my woman, if she is making out an account of the evening for the Morning Post, tell her not to forget the Duchess; and Julia, to remember the beautiful Clementina Mahon was in blue and silver, and attracted universal admiration.

Mahon whistled, and Alfred looked surprised. Oh we must anticipate (cried the

young lady, understanding the expression of his countenance,) how else could the description of the night come out to the citizens' breakfast tables, at the moment the last carriage was driving from our door.

Miss Mahon was right—her woman had however invaded another's province; the crowd of antiquated chaperons who frequent all parties, are the secret sources of information, and make an appearance of retiring three hours sooner than other people. A crowd of Dramatists too may be seen who attend to mark every variety in fashionable conversation, in order to introduce it on another and a better stage.

I have invited Opal, said Mahon to his sister.

Then I hope (replied she, imitating with some archness, Opal's lisp and style of positive assertion,) he will be sincere, ingenuous, and own our party a good thing.

The following evening, the world of fashion assembled at Mahon's door. Perhaps thirty of the gay multitude *knew* the family whose invitation they had thus graciously accepted, or had enquired in the interval between issuing the cards and the party, who were the inviters; what their fortune?

Oh, hundredth cousins to my Lord Shelelah; their capital calculated to last a season.

This is sufficient for the warmth of winter friendships.

Whilst the splendid crowd are pausing in admiration of the Broom Closet, it may not be amiss to let our readers into the history of this infatuated family, who, with Irish thoughtlessness, and Irish liberality, were running full tilt the course of fashion and of folly.

Mr. Mahon, as has been observed, was educated with Douglas at Harrow; thither

he had been sent by one of his guardians; who, finding Mr. O'Sullivan, (left by Carol's father in the same trust as himself,) very indifferent, (provided he had the management of Carol's estates,) as to what became of the boy; instantly removed him from a place where he had been accustomed to run wild, and receive the adulation of ignorant dependants, to run the gauntlet of a public school, where he might be boxed by his superiors into humility. If Mahon was slightly tinged with the vices of his country, he in a greater degree inherited its virtues; liberal to excess, his generosity extended even to thoughtlessness, and his noble spirit revolted alike from suspicion of his fellow creatures, or denial of their requests. When Mahon's studies were completed, and his juvenile purse tolerably well drained, he visited Ireland. His English guardian was now dead, and Carol by no means found his estate im-

proved by the management of his Irish one; thinking, however, one rogue better than many, and London dissipation being more to his taste than the drunken parties, and break-neck races round Castle Mahon, he returned to London, where his sisters had been resident at a considerable expence.

Mrs. Hervey of Prince's Square, had very elegant ideas concerning her young ladies; these did Carol little good, for whilst he spent large sums with *honourables* at a gaming table, and *dishonourables* at a theatre, his pretty sisters formed a thousand schemes of notoriety, each worth a fortune. Till fifteen, the Miss Mahon's had been suffered to run wild about their Irish Castle, and make "raking pots of tea;" then three years of a London boarding-school, succeeded; and sentiment, and ballets, and music, and attitudes, came in for their share of the remaining season; so

that when the period arrived when even the modest Mrs. Hervey owned their polish complete, no belles of fashion ever entered life with more determined resolves of being all that women dared to be.

Mahon loved his sisters tenderly ; proud of their beauty, he removed them to his house, and objected to no expence they incurred. The Duchess of Hastings, to whom Carol had lost considerably, became intimate with his sisters, and advised them by all means to lay out a few thousands, for the satisfaction of being spoken of.

You cannot imagine, my dears, argued her Grace, how easy access to the first people becomes, after a few expensive entertainments.

I am afraid, (said Clementina, with some hesitation, though she blushed at her weakness,) I am afraid my brother will think the sum required, a large one.

Does your brother ever think? enquired her Grace dryly.

Clementina paused, then recollected he had dismissed a tradesman the day before, on account of his Irish remittances not having arrived.

Well, I must however acknowledge that to be a good thought, observed the Duchess, with an ironic smile.

Good God, (exclaimed Julia,) how you lower my brother's consequence, sister; no person of fashion condescends to give a reason to such people.

Julia is right, (said the Duchess,) therefore the only trouble that can arise, will be the fancying, strange, and expensive flights, and that is extatic fatigue. I shall be forced to lay aside my weeds next month, I imagine, to give a fete with decency, as the old people say. Apropos, which of you marries the West Indian at

Melville's? Julia, I suppose. Clementina, no doubt, remains constant to the Duke.

The girls were flattered, and now no fear arose but that *taste* might be wanting.

I heard (said Miss Mahon) your Grace arranged the decorations of Lady Mobbit's last entertainment; is it true she has lost all, is reduced to live the remainder of her life in an odious farm house, and has no carriage, no servants, no friends?

Poor Mobbit (cried the humane Duchess) she had almost escaped—the town have forgot her—had she died gloriously, girls—staking her last guinea—squeezed to death at a rout—of love, or jealousy, or any other exit becoming a dowager of eighty, I could have forgiven her, but it was of pique poor Mobbit died.

Oh, you know all about it (cried the Mahons in a breath,) it will be no breach of confidence to tell us.

Thus, then, it was (replied the noble Lady); poor old Mobbit had hardly been seated in her pagoda, at Ealing, than a novel came out, in which was one haughty character nobody could mistake. I took the book myself, with the most friendly intentions possibly, to Whimwham House, netted whilst Mobbit raved and talked of Socrates, as she tore her wig. Presently came in a dozen more friends, each with a copy of the delectable book. This kindness overcomes me, cried the Lady of Whimwham, sinking on the sopha in a fit, the party had only told half their acquaintance, so hurried off for the information of the rest. Mrs. Loo alone remained; her short pursy figure twisted into a semblance of serious thought. I know her, cried Mobbit, starting up, I am convinced now; she shall know what it is to offend a woman of rank. 'Tis, —— (whispering Loo) I know it is.

I have traced the matter home to her, replied Loo. And what did she say, demanded the enraged dowager? Pointed to the list of characters we had requested her to defame, and to the unfortunate slip of paper carelessly inserted in the leaves of the book I lent her. What paper, (cried the almost exhausted Mobbit)? Mrs. Loo whispered, but not so low as to escape my ear, "if any gentleman wants a place——"

We are ruined (cried Lady Mobbit, forgetting my presence), offer her any money for that fatal paper. Nothing will induce her to give it up (said the confident), she assumed the dignity of nobility, as she told me, for the sake of the virtuous woman allied to you; it should be sacred unless she should be compelled to produce it when "truth should be declared a libel."

We can do nothing to her (said the Dowager, as she dropt her clenched hands helplessly at her sides). Come, come, cried I, advancing, all this may be remedied; for instance, in these volumes, you are represented as penurious; dash upon the town the veriest of extravagants, this will be the "lie courteous;" throw open your doors, not for one night, but a season; this will be to scatter gold at the feet of prejudice. Oh do, cried Mrs. Loo, throw sweet-meats in the eyes of the town, the Duchess counsels well.

Mobbit called her homme-des-affaires, who stood stupidly as she vociferated, fly, buy a new carriage, widen the windows that I may be seen, issue two thousand cards of invitation for this day month.

To—a what—my Lady?

A any thing—a Whimwham Sandwich.

Bravo, cried Loo, and bravo cried I, so a Whimwham Sandwich it was; the alarm-

ed town flew about with guesses; many believed the Dowager's marriage with young Opal at hand; some thought she meditated the exit of Corinna, in full assembly, and repeating verses of her own composition; others that the development of Ton had turned her brain.

Every thing was strikingly in character; unfortunately a party of marauding Tartars sat down with her Ladyship to cards, and ere the sun rose not even the china on which the Whimwham Sandwich was served, remained to its rightful owner.

Is it true (enquired Clementina) that the old Lady rose from a pond at the bottom of her garden, and that the green mantling pool was spread with swandown, as foam from which the goddess sprung Or (cried her sister) that in the dress of a milkmaid, she chanted o'er her pail.

No, no, (cried the Duchess, laughing im-

moderately) these caricatures were sketched by myself and Bryan.

Have you seen Lady Mobbit since (sighed Julia, who felt something Irish about her heart, and was sorry for so tragic a termination of the fete)?

Lord my dear, I was one of the Tartars!

The Miss Mahon's might, from the above conversation, have reasonably suspected her grace's disinterested offers of service; but the witcheries of a Duchess are infinite, they are privileged beings not to be judged by the rules of action, to which meaner minds are subject. As Sir Anthony Absolute graciously fancied for his son; they breathe not the same atmosphere, they have a sun and moon of their own.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Mahons at home—a Syren—characters about town.

THE decorations of fashionable rooms, so nearly aproximate; so wearisome a sameness of festoons, lamps, and exotics prevail, we cannot wonder at the rapture at which the novelties of Miss Mahon's fancy were received; or at the exclamation of the fashionables, when the Hermitage and a transparency of the Giant's Causeway were discovered. The Duchess of Hastings, as Diana, slid by, and sent one of her nymphs to teaze the Hermit.

Lady Florist toss'd choice flowers from the balcony to her servants below.

The Hon. Mrs. Bawble found a brilliant broach.

The Countess of Crim Con met her divorced Lord and his bride, and, in a fit of jealousy, made an assignation with her late husband.

Opal the dramatist, noted in "asses skin so white," a dialogue between two lovers of Ton, for his next theatrical melange.—Thus it ran—

"Sir John Boxly, yours—*bending*.

"Miss Dasher, the humblest of whips—*bowing*——may I run against Grosvenor corner, if I ever saw you appear to more advantage than in the square the other morning.

"Or I, you, Sir John.

"Why my divine creature, I flatter myself I made a figure, nosegay, bays, whips, dialect, all suitable; give my gentility to the servant to keep for me till my

return; honour me by adding weight to the linnet.

Oh (cried Miss Dasher, affecting to pout), You have a friend, the Lady you drove from the square?

Cut my leaders if it was any other than old Mrs. Mad-Cap, she has no head; giddy as a goose, put her out at Kensington gate—but you, you are different, you have courage for any thing—I dont flatter—lame my horses if I do.

Characters for my next sentimental comedy, said Opal, closing his tablets with a satisfied air.

Those who have written for the stage, but in vain; or who have been entitled to thousands for received, admired, applauded talent, and drawn a bill for the amount on Phaeton, will wonder at the security with which this drone sucked his honey. Reader, Opal's plays were always read; nay, in spite of hisses, acted. 'Tis the

Italian mode of applause, said one of the Author's friends, the first night of "the Sylphiads of the Air" being performed; and when even actresses seemed too modest for an advance. You may know by that sound none but people of condition, or travelled nobility, filled the house. This was said to the Editor of a Newspaper—what wonder, the Sylphiads of the Air came out at morning undismayed by the theatric storm of the preceding night. But better than this reader, Opal was paid. He was a thin young man, of what young ladies would term an interesting appearance; his pallid cheek rouged, and his voice just lisping Cupid's notes. No belle of fashion softening her voice to modish society, after a summer in the country, could whisper like Opal. With the women of fashion the dramatist was a favourite; his plays had deifyed them; Godesses in charms they were allowed the mortal use of them;

Divinities in never-fading beauty, they could stab, kiss, drink poison, I believe, and be applauded when the curtain drops.

Happy inconsistency! over whose deformity a gaudy tissue of affectation and romance, threw a veil none cared to remove; which all were rather interested in suffering to remain. The Duchess of Hastings was one who considered herself under an obligation to Opal, as his Lady Ton; she had indeed been made to utter absurdities, but the frequent allusions to her beauty, and unfading charms, the old theme delighted her. Douglas and the dramatist soon joined the groupe of young men who were surrounding her grace's chair, attracted by the weeds and smiles she wore.

Heavens! (exclaimed the Duchess) I see Lord Morven, and must be invited to his breakfast of snails and butterflies next week; to go where there are few women, gives one consequence,—go somebody and

tell him, I pine to be bidden to his intellectual feast.

Gin yer' grace bring us ony curiosity, (said Lord Morven) ill' undertak ta introduce ye.

Why, I bring myself; is not that a splendid curiosity? But ye maun be novel too, (observed the Peer sarcastically). Yer' grace has been admired, and speir'd at by oure mony, to be considered amang the rarities o' our collection. Colonel Bryan caught Lord Morven's eye at this moment; the auld Scot gave him a dry kind of nod, the meaning of which he comprehended, and which caused him to leave the sphere of the Duchess attraction, in quest of his bride; he found her amusing a select circle, with a description of an Easter ball.

Bless me madam, (exclaimed the husband) never mind Mrs. Deputy Dumpling's minuet, but draw on your gloves, fan yourself and attend to the music. Mrs.

Bryan looked up stupidly to the orchestra, and beheld Signora Favorita advance, her arms crossed on her bosom, her large melting eyes turned up in invocation to Appollo, and her wide mouth distended in a smile of satisfaction at the genius of the people.

An emotion of envy and surprise was prevalent among the company ; was it posible the overtures made by the first nobility to Favorita should be refused, and the Mahon's be thus favoured ! The truth was, this tyrant of harmony, had at divers times, and on various occasions, refused wholly, or disappointed at the last moment, many ladies of honour. That she attended the Miss Mahon's, proceeded from the Duchess of Hastings, who condescended to make one at Favorita's *cabinet dinners*, and who had made it her request she would sing, after warbling several of her native airs. Favourita indulged the won-

dering audience with an English song, composed by Opal. Reader, if like him, thou hast chanced to commit the sin of rhyme, have submitted your melting composition to the eye of beauty, and been fortunate enough like that youth to raise at once the blush, the smile, and the tear; imagine what a poet would feel when Favorita, throwing her arms behind her, and elevating her voice to a pitch too clear for the occasion, thus parodied the song,

Shave me, shave me, goat of love,

with sundry other particulars worthy of mention; divine, extatic, heavenly, and again the proudest of favourites bent with affected humility.

You like Favorita, (enquired the Duchess of Hastings, observing the attention with which Douglas listened)? Infinitely (was his reply,) but there is a peculiarity in her performance puzzling to me; no doubt can arise concerning her voice, its tones are

rich, clear, and capable of the greatest compass, but does it not seem as if her taste were at times inadequate to the concealment of her want of scientific judgment? One of our best male singers (replied Angus), is of the same opinion, and lately made a public trial. Favorita incapable of following his varieties, however at home in her own, was compelled to stop, kiss hands, and rush out. The papers pleaded the delicacy of her situation.

Hush, (cried Douglas,) that strain again, me thinks it's not so sweet.

Yet the admirers of the opera, will tell you, her twelfth encored song exceeds the first.

Who (said Douglas) is this interesting creature? as a modest lovely girl advanced to the orchestra, simply, but elegantly clad in a silver grey robe, with a rosary of pearls.

Miss Holten, her supporters are noble.

Her countenance is a fair index, (said Douglas, somewhat surprised at the insinuation, he believed to couch in his friends words).

You mistake me, (cried Angus) she bears a most unblemished name, I allude to her having when but a child assisted at a private theatre, where her engaging manners, and dramatic dawnings secured her the interest of a noble family, and an engagement on the London boards. Her voice is sweet and plaintive, adapted to the pathetic English ballad, but unfortunately the music she is usually called on to sing is above the compass of her tones, and it is only occasionally at a concert, Miss Holten's talents can be appreciated. No one who contemplates the modest graces of this young actress, and marks the virtuous tenor of her way, but must wish her destined to add to the number of those

who from ornaments of the stage have become those of private life.

Does not pride of ancestry revolt at these frequent transfers, said Douglas?

Why, observed Angus, we have heard of ladies who have exhausted their purses in newspaper malice, but these paragraphs, were traced to their source, and the object against whom they were directed only rose in estimation. I allude to the beautiful and virtuous Miss Brownwell, who has lately married a nobleman, distinguished for a person of manly beauty, and a heart so generous and noble, that no appeal of misery ever failed in impressing it; his lovely wife bending over the most charming of babes presented yesterday a picture on which I delighted to gaze.

When you have finished your panagyric on actresess, gentlemen (said the Duchess of Hastings in a peevish tone,) I request lemonade.

Douglas looked at the speaker. She ill endured the praise she had never essayed to merit. Colonel Bryan took the lemonade from Alfred, as he was about to convey it to the Duchess; and our hero walked away with Angus in quest of Miss Mahon, whom they found listening to an old French Count, who was apologizing for the absence of his patron. He assured her, De Duke vas so ver old, he no possible come.

I did not expect his Grace would have *walked* hither, observed the pouting Clementina, who had determined to wrestle with death, for the Duke of Merton's Coronet.

Ah! charmante lady, if he come, he *die* at your feet.

Well, (cried the lady, bridling and playing her fan,) what then?

Den he never come life no more, you may assure.

If I were married to him, (thought the tender hearted girl,) I should find my comfort in that.

I will report your look; your vord to my good Grace. It give him back his spring, assurement you be von ver prette girl.

Whilst our hero, who knew not Clementina's aim, wondered at the complacent look with which she listened to the Count's impertinence, Angus touching him on the shoulder, exclaimed, " we take no heed of Time."

Douglas turning, beheld the arbitrator of hours slowly and solemnly advancing. The gay and thoughtless crowd, awed by the majestic step, wrinkled front, the silver lock, scythe and hour glass—*receded.*

Spare the enchantments of voice, (cried Angus, pointing to Favorita, who now mingled with the company an invited guest).

My power cannot be exerted in her favour, (replied Time,) but it will weaken the impression of her powers on her admirers.

A woeful representative of Flora, in the person of Mrs. Bryan, now advanced, and making an aukward curtsey, " begged Time would spare her flowers."

Rosy lady, (answered the silver-locked sage,) the Bank from which your sweets have sprung I only renovate.

The Duchess of Hastings, in turn, accosted the mask, whom all guessed at, but none knew; advancing, led by Opal, she gaily cried, what has Time to say to me, I whose bloom and vivacity have so long defied him?

Nothing, (said the Sage, waving her from him,) he is employed in leading on your daughter.

Now do be ingenuous friend, (cried Opal,) be sincere; look into futurity for

the flowers with which my daring hand has strewn the British Stage.

Time consulted his tablets, " They are preserved to remote posterity," said he.

That is candid; that is sincere; that is not a sacrifice of veracity to a jest, (exclaimed the exulting Dramatist, and would have hurried off to repeat the oracle, but the Sage detained him.)

The plays of Opal are preserved, said Time, as a *datum* for history to determine in which century nonsense has been most tolerated.

Come (cried Mahon, witnessing the agitated mein of Opal, as he left unwelcome truths behind him): Mow away with your scythe old darling, but do not cut so closely. Douglas I have been looking for you. Their's Vain and a few more waiting for you in an adjoining room.

Douglas entering with some spirit into the amusement in which these gentlemen

were engaged, lost very considerably. Why Douglas, who was the most generous or thoughtless of beings, (which, the reader will decide, since one term is always used for the other,) with regard to money, should feel agitated, the author cannot determine, unless a thought of Mr. Melville might cross his mind. Lord Vain gave him a lesson of composure ; he coolly pocketed Alfred's check, wished him agreeable dreams, and ordered his carriage. As Angus and his friend were preparing to quit the scene, Time passed shewing his glass, " the sand was run."

CHAPTER IX.

Visit to a Mother—Angus in Love.

CALCULATING at a thousand a night, Alfred, (said Melville, when at breakfast the following morning, our hero with some confusion, mentioned his loss,) your season will be as short as the honey moon of fashion, when you have tasted of every cup dissipation offers; poor experience, and dear bought judgment, will have scarce wherewithal to purchase a retreat wherein their reveries may be indulged. Be assured my dear novice, Lord Vain is without heart, and as devoid of principle as any within the thoughtless circle in which he moves; but I mean not to ex-

haust my remonstrances Alfred, since I am about to pay a visit where they are more needed, to the Duchess of Hastings.

She is a lovely woman, (said Douglas,) and has wit at will.

Melville groaned; yes (said he) she is what the world calls a *desirable* woman, but unfortunately unfit for any duty she has been called on to perform. As a wife, passing the hours of a husband's illness in rout and revel—as a mother, neglectful of her daughter's infancy, her rival in her bloom. At sixty, Alfred, levity shocks beyond the power of derision.

Sixty, (exclaimed his astonished auditor smiling,) can the cosmetic powers effect such miracles; impossible, my dear Sir, the Duchess should be sixty!

Her daughter Euphrasia, (observed Mr. Melville coolly,) was born when her mother had attained her fortieth year; and, though yet in the nursery, is twenty.

High health, high spirits, the decorations of fashion, restoratives of bloom, and the remains of a beautiful person, compose the flatterer whom last night you beheld draw all admirers from more juvenile graces.

You have guessed well, (said Douglas, who believed an engagement mentioned by his respected friend, had prevented him from being present at Mr. Mahon's,) you have guessed well.

Time can reveal all, (replied Melville,) looked in for an hour, and that hour was employed as a misanthrophe; but it is time I attend the Duchess.

While Alfred walked to Lord Vain's to settle his debt of honour, Mr. Melville was driven in an opposite direction to Hasting's House, whose lovely owner had just risen, and was seated in a magnificent boudoir, arrayed by the most unstudied of the graces. As Melville was announced,

she half rose, and welcomed him with at least the shew of friendship. Seating himself near her, her visitor presented a letter.

From my Lord Morven (said the Duchess, examining the seal,) the old business, Angus and Euphrasia, is it not?

I have reason (said Mr. Melville,) to believe your Grace will find the Earl in earnest; and, as your late husband's friend, I request, should you reject the honour of his alliance, you will give some more convincing reason than has hitherto been offered.

Oh, a thousand; the youth of Euphrasia, the folly of an Opera attachment, the glance of a moment. Is it not alone sufficient that I wish my daughter to have more experience; the duties of a wife are too weighty and serious to burthen her with, poor little soul; twenty years hence,

Mr. Melville, will be time enough to render her unhappy.

And to give her the right to render another so, your Grace would say. I grant it, but allow me to declare my belief, Euphrasia will return the happiness none bids fairer to bestow, than young Angus.

I declare (cried the Duchess) I suspect you of a design on the child yourself—I always suspect old moralists. Cannot your Grace (exclaimed Melville indignantly) be serious, when the welfare of an only child is at stake. His tone was severe and keen; the Duchess coloured and paused. Recovering from the shock her pride had sustained, she endeavoured to rally, and exclaimed,

You take the English privilege of friendship, Mr. Melville; I had imagined when you entered, the request I wrote you had

been granted, and that you had the gallantry to announce it yourself.

Gallantry (returned Melville, coolly) is out of the question with either you or me. Your Grace's request was for money, nor shall you find me obdurate ; give me but the pleasure of knowing your consent to an union between the heir of Morven and Lady Euphrasia.

(The Duchess was silent, Melville added), Your Grace cannot be ignorant, your consent is not legally necessary to your daughter's marriage.

Then why demand it (cried she haughtily)?

Because your gentle, your dutiful child is incapable of acting contrary to your wishes.

I have been certainly an indulgent mother (remarked her Grace)—Nay, I understand the meaning of your glance, 'tis true I have not nursed my brat, taught

it the alphabet, or mixed its medicines; but Euphrasia had whatever pleased a Lady's eye, and you must remember it was my indulgence that occasioned the meeting between the poor child and this horrid Scot.

If ages does impair your memory or mine (said her impatient auditor, dryly), your Grace will recollect being greatly struck that evening by Mr. Angus. I introduced him I think at your request, as an elegant addition to your party; you cannot wonder Lady Euphrasia should see with her mother's eyes.

Oblige me by touching the folding doors (said the Duchess)? I think I hear Euprasia's harp.

Mr, Melville threw open the leaves, and discovered the lovers. Euphrasia, her slender graceful form, clasped by a robe of spotless white, over which hung her locks in beautiful disorder, spread her fair

arms across the strings of the instrument, and with downcast looks, and tremulous tones, essayed her song. Over her the elegant Angus hung enamoured.

A visitor (exclaimed the Duchess) to me, Sir, or my daughter?

I leave my cause to Mr. Melville's intercession returned the youth, bowing respectfully to her Grace, as he retired, followed by the timid glance of his fair mistress.

Euphrasia, child, cried the Duchess, I am wearied with talking of you, come here—how she grows, Mr. Melville, fourteen, if I remember aright.

Twenty, your Grace, if I do.

Nay, now you reckon like one of sixty.

Might I not retort, your Grace? but see your modest girl respectfully awaiting your commands.

True—Euphrasia, I am told you encourage the visits of Lord Morven's nephew. What folly is this I hear of love and mar-

riage? how can you possibly know any thing of love, child?

Nothing but what Mr. Angus has taught me, (said the blushing girl, afraid to meet her mother's keen ironic eye.)

So, and is he an able instructor?

I wish no other Madam.

Well answered; and suppose child you were to marry, what do you intend to do? how do you intend to act? cannot the simpleton return an answer?

Since your Grace bids me speak, (said Euphrasia, her lovely face averted and covered with confusion), I would be constant, faithful, and tender, and consider it a crime to destroy the happiness of my husband, or trifle with my own.

Does the simpleton answer? (enquired Melville of the Duchess, who, in turn, averted her eyes from her daughter, but quickly recovering, she yawned and

stretched her elegant feet forward, exclaimed)—

Dieu! all this is overpowering, what fatiguing converse. Euphrasia, child, you have destroyed me?

Do not be alarmed my dear (said Melville to the dejected girl) let me lead you to the gardens till her grace is sufficiently recovered to receive us with composure.

When the young Lady and her guardian returned, the languid Duchess had left home on a tour of visits, and Mr. Melville had again the mortification of returning to the Earl, without a mother's consent to his alliance. Lord Morven was extremely displeased at the manner in which the Duchess chose to wave his proposals in favour of his nephew, and talked loudly of familie, blude, and honours.

"Does she not ken, and I wager the clay more o' Fergus, ye forgot to back my offer wi. The mention of that when our

ancient kings spake o' the house o' Morven, they said, " walth, honour, rank, and integritie." The stream has run to you my Lord unsullied, (said Melville), and I shall not be happy till my pretty Euphrasia has the honour of being allied to your virtues,

Angus followed the pleader of his love to the landing place ; he pressed his hand with an emotion Melville felt more forcible than words.

Be not dejected Angus (said he), I shall carry my point with this vain woman yet.

How can I return your kindness (observed the lover) ?

By giving as much of your society as possible to young Douglas, I am alarmed about him, my departure to the north is unavoidably postponed owing to the illness of an old friend in Derbyshire. I leave town to-morrow, in order to bid an old associate a last and melancholy farewell. Al-

fred remains master of my house; I confess I dread the power of dissipation more on a feeling than selfish nature; the latter has always self interest in view, the former never. That Douglas has understanding to despise Vain, and many others with whom he has intercourse, I am convinced, but they bring pleasures in their train I doubt he wants philosophy to resist. Be still his friend, your example will do more than an old man's precept.

CHAPTER X.

Douglas becomes a pupil of Ton—scenes in life—a duel—an unexpected arrival.

ALFRED, since his stay in the metropolis, had written several times to Caithness, perhaps prompted more by the recollection of Morna, than her austere uncle. No answer had however been returned, and believing the correspondence unpleasing to his northern benefactor, he had within the two last months discontinued writing. Lord Vain and his companions had now more of Alfred's society. The absence of Mr. Melville removed a sort of constraint in his manner of life, and his mind gave itself more unresisting-

ly to amusement, from the late melancholy tenor of his thoughts. Taste led him to the pleasures of the drama, and the expences of *vertu ;* quick sensibility, and warm passions, to admiration of beauty, and the female amateurs of public talent. Douglas found his income sensibly diminish in the pursuits of play, parties at the temples of Epicurus, and gifts to the Syrens of the day. Nor were the Mahons or the elegant Duchess less accessory to the wasting of his gold ; the latter had so delicate a method of pointing out a thousand wants in her superb mansion, a man of common feeling must be unhappy till they were supplied ; besides, Douglas was fast advancing into that sort of attachment for this antiquated beauty that had ruined wiser men ; and flattered by the affected partiality of her Grace, and blinded by the compliments of his fashionable associates, who secretly laughed at this

conquest, Alfred began absolutely to imagine himself seriously the captive of her Grace; and to disregard the flutter of his youthful heart at the remembrance of the northern beauty. He was now the constant attendant of the Duchess, whether she exhibited her mature beauty in the brilliant circle; her beautiful hand and empty purse in the jeweller's; or her exhausted frame and credit at her dressmaker. At all these Douglas was of more import than a mere lover.

The influence of the Duchess, had it only confined our hero's expenditures and petite follies to herfelf, might not have involved him seriously; but she was the advocate for every dissipation, and rallied morality from its post. The Duchess had declared no man could be ranked with fashionables, whose name was not inserted at White's and Brooke's. Jealousy she was above, and with an effrontery that

almost lost her the conquest she had so lately achieved, jested with our hero (for so by the rules of romantic composition we are obliged to term him, commit what weaknesses he may), on his acquaintance with opera girls, or *female financiers*; as to his northern beauty, her Grace had drawn from him a description of Morna, and ridiculed the flame to its last spark.

Douglas now gave expensive entertainments at an hotel in St. James' Street, and became known by this most fascinating of introductions, to all the young men of rank about town, and received in turn, the great man's smile.

Angus often met Douglas in public, and sometimes in private; but the latter conceiving he lived not the life, Angus termed one of pleasure, became insensibly cooler than friendship. The Duchess was well known to Mr. Angus, and the true reason

of her rejection of him for her daughter was better known to him than any one. The Duchess never forgave a preference, however independent she was to the person; and Angus by his undisguised admiration of Euphrasia, when animated by the novelty of the opera, and blooming with health and pleasure, she had appeared to him as an Hebe; had convinced the mother of a daughter's superior beauty. The Duchess knew, that as the Honourable Lady Euphrasia Angus, the hitherto concealed child would become the admiration of the circle in which she had hitherto moved without a rival; and sickened at a prospect in which another mother would have exulted. Mr. Melville had been chosen by a deceased guardian of Lady Euphrasia, who on his dying before his ward came of age, had the right of nominating a successor to the trust. The measures of Mr. Melville were less to the taste of the

Duchess, than those of his predecessor; but as the gentle Euphrasia doated on her mother, (however unworthy of such tenderness), the good Melville gave her the power of occasionally adding to a jointure, which, however splendid, by no means answered the expenditure of its possessor. Had Mr. Melville been in town, he would most undoubtedly have remonstrated with Douglas on his attentions to the Duchess; but that gentleman was still detained in Derbyshire, by the protracted sufferings of the friend, for whom he had undertaken his charitable visit. Her Grace had the address to persuade Colonel Bryan, she only sought ridicule and pecuniary advantage in her intercourse with Douglas, and a while appearances were kept up by the rivals. During Alfred's frequent visits to Hasting's house, he seldom saw Lady Euphrasia; the Duchess a while was all of women to him; she assumed all the

proteus changes of pleasure to allure him to her abode ; in public, he beheld her in manners the most polished, in person the most elegant of British beauties, and to be her attendant seemed distinction. In private, she was no longer the Belle of fashion, the giddy and eccentric being who aimed at universal conquest ; but gentle, pleasing woman, solicitous to appearance of securing one, and devoting to that favoured one, the splendour of talent, and the fascination of accomplishments. As yet the intercourse was void of criminality, but in intention ; the Duchess saw what she termed weak points in the character of Douglas, he was yet an admirer of even the semblance of virtue, and could not bring himself to conceive woman desirable, unless her manner forbade libertinism. The Duchess's playful manner extricated her from many embarassments, when on the point of losing herself ire-

trievably in the opinion of her lover. She recovered so gracefully, nothing could be remembered but that grace; and where exists the man who is, whilst passion lasts, too clear sighted to error, when occasioned by a rooted partiality to himself. The Duchess did not escape animadversion; papers were busy with her name; the young men of fashion amused themselves with the modern Enclos; the old beaus who could better ascertain the first appearance of this star of fashion and love on the horizon of the town, rallied her grace; amongst these, Lord Morven complimented in his dry sarcastic way, edged keener by the remembrance of his nephew. So pointed was the old Earl in his remarks, that the Duchess found it politic to abate somewhat of her severity towards the youthful lovers, and Angus was admitted occasionally to the society of Euphrasia, without, however, the Duchess

coming to any decision respecting the termination of their attachment.

In the mean time, the Mahon's were pushing extravagance to the verge of fortune; fetes, masquerades, balls, and theatricals, whirled their giddy round, and to all our hero was an invited guest. His handsome person, gay and pleasing manner, and above all the countenance of the Duchess of Hastings, and the exaggerated accounts of his fortune, gave him admittance to all of expence and fashion in the metropolis. Alfred did not find this society *trifle* with his purse; bets, high play, subscriptions, balls at the Argyle rooms, &c. occasioned a default of so many hundreds, that as the time of Mr. Melville's return approached, Douglas felt himself somewhat uneasy at owning a folly so lavish. One gloomy afternoon, as he returned from the city, where he had been to add a considerable sum to the

debtor side of his banker's books, he was surprised at hearing two women had been at Mr. Melville's enquiring for him.

Did they leave no name, no mention of their business, enquired Douglas.

None Sir, replied the servant, they mentioned they would come again.

Alfred was diverted from conjectures as to whom these visitants might have been, by a note from Colonel Bryan, perhaps the most extraordinary ever penned by a married man.

" Colonel Bryan requests an explanation of Mr. Douglas's pretensions to the Duchess of Hastings, or the satisfaction of a *man of honour*."

Douglas fired at this billet, and lost no time in deciding between the alternatives given by this man of *honour ;* he appointed the following morning for a meeting in Hyde Park, and resolving from the nature of the dispute, not to bring a second,

he ordered his carriage, and drove to Hastings House. The Duchess was from home, and Douglas returned to spend a solitary evening, with no better reflections, than his being about to engage in a breach of divine and moral law; for no better reason than that fashion rendered a man an outcast, unless he calmly met a fellow-creature, resolved either to hurry himself or another before judgment.

On the morrow, Douglas was at the place appointed, near Bayswater Gate, and some minutes before his oponent. The language of Bryan was intemperate, and Alfred hastened to end the war of words, by taking his ground, and calling on his adversary to fire. The pistol of Bryan was but too sure in its aim, and Douglas fell, wounded severely in the right side. Colonel Bryan observing people approach the spot, made his escape; and in a few hours was out of the reach of pur-

suit; leaving his unfortunate wife, now near her confinement, to the ill-natured condolences of the town.

Douglas was conveyed to Mr. Melville's by some soldiers who had chanced to pass near the scene of blood, and who were directed by a card on which his address was written, to his residence. It was not till some hours after he recovered his recollection, his first sensation was that of finding his hand clasped by some one whose sobs and moans aroused him. He tried to articulate an enquiry, and his curtain being withdrawn, beheld with astonishment, bending over him in sorrow, Morna Macleod.

CHAPTER XI.

The Explanation—The Return of Mr. Melville—Douglas leaves London for Edinburgh.

THE venerable Melville, on his return to town, beheld with sorrow and astonishment, the youth whom he regarded with a father's love, stretched on the couch of pain, and suffering under the consequences of an offence he himself regarded with abhorrence. With wonder he saw Morna, anxious only of adding to the invalid's comforts, or of plucking a thorn from his couch. Melville would have sternly questioned her; but Angus, who had been the constant, unwearied attendant of Mr. Douglas, from the hour in which

he had received the news of his misfortune, waved him from the distressed girl to an adjoining apartment, where he communicated to him the following particulars :—

Macleod, soon after the departure of Douglas from Strathmay, returned to his accustomed wandrings, leaving Morna to the care of Janet. He had about six weeks before, in crossing the Ferry at Invergordon, unfortunately perished ; the boat laden beyond its power to stem the current, had sunk, and but one boy amongst the thirty souls embarked, escaped. Macleod was seen to struggle awhile, then sink for ever. His heir, a distant branch of the house, arrived at Strathmay, and no will being found, had warned Morna and old Janet from the Castle. The relationship of which Macleod had aprised Douglas, was not allowed by the Laird of Strathmay, who soon departed

from Caithness, leaving his factor, a man of stern manners; who, having paid the old woman her wages, bade her leave the roof that so many years had sheltered her. Morna thought of Douglas: the stranger (said she, addressing her aged nurse in her native language,) the stranger will shelter us. Distress and indignation conspired to lull the caution of Janet, and finally to induce her to this imprudent step. With her pecuniary savings, her passage and Morna's were defrayed to London, where fortunately the Captain of the vessel pitying the forlorn condition of his countrywomen, had taken them to the house of a relative, who kept a ready made linen warehouse, near Hawley's Wharf. Here they were sheltered till Morna was agonized by thus meeting with the object whose idea had not once quitted her gentle bosom since their parting.

Mr. Melville was at a loss how to act in a situation at once so distressing and delicate. He felt Morna was entitled to support and comfort at his hands; but to continue her with a young man to whom she was evidently most passionately attached, would be a degree of impropriety he could not bring himself to permit. As to the old Highland woman, though the servants were ordered to pay her every kindness, and she had occasionally the comfort of conversing with Lord Morven's domestics in Gaelic; London was irksome to her, and she pined for the solitude and barren wilds of Caithness.

Morna, by the care of Janet, had been decently attired; almost her last note being expended in a black dress for her innocent companion. Thus habited, the lovely girl appeared a delightful vision to Douglas, who could scarce bear her absent

an hour from his couch. His wound now allowed of his being pronounced out of danger; and it was not in man to resist the thrill of passion that ran through his heart, as he beheld the rapture with which this intelligence was received by the pure child of nature. Melville was standing by his bed at the moment. Douglas pointed to Morna. I will protect her, (said the venerable man); you Douglas, it were best, should never see her again. Morna uttered a faint cry, and kneeling by the bed, hid her face. Look up my sweet preserver, (said Alfred,) gently laying his hand on her head, whilst I have life I am your friend. Morna sighed, and resisted not Angus as he advanced to lead her from the apartment.

It is my earnest wish, my dear Alfred, (said Mr. Melville, some days after,) to leave London, for my estate in the North. Your health, your pecuniary losses, and

my ardent solicitude to remove you from many associates unworthy of an union with your yet unconquered heart, induce me to press your accompanying me.

Instantly, (cried Douglas, forgetting the cause of all his pain, the fair Duchess), instantly, this very hour. I am sick of London, and find variety in the mere thought of a Scottish residence; but you do not reproach me, worthy and revered Melville, how much soever in mind you accuse my conduct.

No more of this, (exclaimed his auditor,) you will, I trust, be taught to know the value of existence, and the shortness of life, for the purposes it was given. Colonel Bryan!

What of him, cried Douglas.

He is returned, said Melville; and, it is said, is to marry the Duchess of Hastings, should Mrs. Bryan obtain a divorce.

Douglas was silent, the blood mounted to his pallid face ; but scarce had the image of the female libertine crossed his imagination, than it was dispelled by the delicate and youthful form of Morna, hovering about him like an angel of peace. This good girl and old Janet shall go with us to Edinburgh (said Mr. Melville, taking her hand and looking kindly at her) ; she shall be educated at my expence, and when she marries some worthy youth, I shall provide her portion.

There was something in this speech that convinced Douglas, Mr. Melville removed in his mind this child of simplicity and misfortune infinitely below his alliance. Alfred, though at the moment he would not have himself, married Morna, could not bear to hear of the probability of her ever becoming the wife of another ; and expressed so much uneasiness on the sub-

ject, that Mr. Melville seeing him agitated changed the discourse.

In a few days Douglas was able to travel, and accompanied by Mr. Melville and Morna, left London for Edinburgh, by easy stages, having taken the farewell of friendship with the Earl of Morven and the amiable Angus. Lady Euphrasia, convinced of her mother's repeated indiscretions, had become firm in her resolutions respecting Angus, her union with her deserving lover; and Angus, as he pressed the hand of Douglas, bade him expect him shortly with his lovely bride in Scotland.

Lady Euphrasia, (observed Mr. Melville,) inherits a very considerable property on her becoming of age; one of her estates adjoins mine, on the banks of Esk, a fine old mansion surrounded with picturesque woods; the Duke died there, and since that the family have not visited the seat.

Were you acquainted with the Duke of Hastings? enquired Douglas, who, in proportion as the distance increased between the Duchess and himself, found nerve to enter on the history of her late Lord.

I never remember to have seen him, replied Mr. Melville, but I understand he was a man of melancholy habits, and latterly his Duchess and himself conceived almost an aversion to each other; the Duke I have heard had much benevolence, and the poor followed him to the grave with tears. Lady Euphrasia has all the qualities of the heart said to belong to her noble father. The old gentleman proceeded to enlarge on the topic, till perceiving Morna's eyes fill with tears, he wiped them with his handkerchief, saying, " and you Morna will be as good and amiable when this rough diamond of your mind receives its polish."

And shall I be so loved (enquired the artless girl)?

The stopping of the carriage at the inn where the travellers were destined to pass the night, relieved both the gentlemen from the embarrassment into which this innocent question had thrown them, and Douglas handed out Morna without even pressing the hand he held.

CHAPTER XII.

Description of a Scotch residence and its scite—Douglas becomes acquainted with northern characters.

MR. Melville's residence was built on the bold and picturesque banks of the North Esk, to whose rock-impeded waters the lawn gently sloped. The Mansion, in conformity to *modern taste*, though a cottage, was a gothic one ; fortunately it had been built by a nobleman, who, though possessed of little consistency in his conduct, had strictly preserved it in the architecture of his villa ; thus the eye was not shocked by the incongruities too common

in such buildings. Lord Esk had erected it as an occasional summer residence, and being under the necessity, from the prevailing opinion that London was a better sphere of extravagant action than Edinburgh, of selling the lands around Glenesk, he consented to include in the purchase that romantic abode. Mr. Melville thought himself too far advanced in life to build on the estate, therefore gave orders to the gentleman, (a writer in Edinburgh) who had negociated the business for him, to render it convenient and habitable in both seasons. Mr. Mackintosh had therefore busied himself, so that, on the arrival of the travellers, on a beautiful autumnal day, the pleasure with which they surveyed the enchantments of the scene, was not damped by the anticipation of winter hours. A small library most struck the attention of Douglas, in the interior of his destined abode. It was

simply furnished, and opened by doors of stained glass to a secluded walk, at whose extremity a branch of the Esk foamed over a rocky precipice; this apartment opened to a small sitting room, pannelled with views from the pencil of the English masters. Both gentlemen praised warmly the *agremens* of their new abode, and turned to observe their effect on Morna. She had disappeared, and seeking her, Douglas found her standing on the brink of the brawling stream, viewing with admiration the windings of the scenery along its margin. In distance appeared Lasswade stretching its picturesque village on the borders of North-Esk, whose rumbling waters laved onward. The ruins of Roslin, and the towers of Melville, rose from woods, sombre and deep, or partially bursted on the painter's eye, in foliage of autumnal beauty; the course of the river was charmingly impeded, sometimes by birch bound

rocks, whose fantastic foliage dipped in the clear waters; at others, by fallen and knotted trunks of trees; again, by bare but various coloured mosses.

I am happy to inform you Miss Macleod (said Melville, advancing to the spot where Morna stood), that Mr. Macintosh has recommended to me, a Lady at Edinburgh, who will treat you with the tenderness of a mother, and instruct you in every necessary part of education. His words roused Douglas from a pleasing reverie, in which he had indulged on witnessing the admiration which his young companion had manifested, at so rich a display of scenery; he had planned a thousand rural walks, her arm entwined in his; she should be instructed in the delineation of the views around by his pencil, and here would they forget the shortning of the autumnal day.

Morna sighed, and enquired when her departure was fixed.

In the ensuing week, reply'd Melville, Mr Douglas and myself go then to Edinburgh for a few days. After dinner, Mr Melville, in the presence of Mr Macintosh, whom he regarded as a worthy and discreet man; spoke of his intentions respecting Morna.

I am, said he, resolved to be that friend to her, that it would be improper, a younger man should be; a regular income shall be hers, and a portion on her marriage, should her choice be such as I approve. As her real name is unknown to me, she must continue to bear her uncle's. In every point I will act as her friend, for I cannot forget Alfred, her interposition in your behalf.

Nor can I, half sighed his auditor.

Our hero at Glenesk experienced more real calm satisfaction, than he had experienced since his arrival from Caithness. In

London, pleasure had awhile lured his youth and stilled the breathings of rectitude; but soon the giddy scene palled, and on the bed of pain, he had leisure to reflect on the short lived friendship of men of the world, on the love of its women, and the folly of their dupes; his days were wearisome, his time seemed less his own than others; hardly had he risen from his pillow, than the train who surround the favourites of fortune, the ministers of revelry, came to arrange plans for the evening; billets from beauty, from sordid vice, lay on his table, and scarce were the intoxicating contents perused, than he was hurried to scenes where sober reason found no time for thought. At Glenesk, the morning found Douglas refreshed, and elastic with health and temperance, he followed the woody haunts with his dogs and gun, enjoying the breath of the goddess of the scene, and marking in the

pauses of his way, the varieties of her beauty; at dinner the man he respected, the fair being he loved with a purer affection than he had ever yet felt, sat with him, and added the polish of judgment, and the simplicity of innocence to the conversation; a book, or his flute filled up the hours, till an early pillow received him to undisturbed slumbers.

Morna's stay was protracted to three weeks, at the expiration of which time, Mr. Melville and our hero, accompanied her to Edinburgh, and to the roof, of which she was to be in future an inhabitant.

Mrs. Macneil received her pupil with kindness, and Mr. Melville felt perfectly satisfied at the arrangement. Janet who saw nothing but good was intended towards her 'puir bairn,' expressed so strong an inclination to return to Caithness for some time, that Mr. Melville agreed, and generously directed Morna, as he gave her

his purse, to defray the expence of her aged nurse.

Douglas and his friend, resided whenever they visited Edinburgh at Dumbreck's in St. Andrew's Square, and it was not long before our hero became known to the higher ranks in the Scottish metropolis. Of these, the family of the Earl of St. Bernard, and the high blooded Taymores were the principal. Dissipation here, wore a different dress, than in the English metropolis; and from its variety, might be woed again. The hilarity attendant on Scottish parties, the cheerfulness of the young people, the absence of formal constraint, and the unstudied amusements introduced to speed the evening hour; the song or dance, equally the inspiration of the moment, captivated the young stranger; nor on their part were the Scottish families less partial to Douglas. His temper was naturally sweet, his

spirits gay and bouyant, and by ready wit and manners, denoting the gentleman, he was soon a favourite guest; Angus sent him several letters of introduction to the different noble houses to whom he was connected; and Douglas had thus the advantage of being known to many who conferred more honour on their rank, than that rank on them. The Earl of St. Bernard was a venerable nobleman, of an healthy old age, and unimpaired intellect; one that delighted in the society of the young, and by gay, though moral remarks added a flash to their sallies of cheerfulness. His family consisted of two sisters, (maidens of degree, benevolent in action, charitable in discourse, but tenacious of their hereditary honours) and his ward, Lady Lillian Bruce, termed the Flower of Esk. The Taymores, consisted of a cheerful polished widow, her son, a youth noble in lineage and principle, and two daugh-

ters, genteel, well-bred women, whose society was universally courted. Lady Lillian, was on a visit in Stirlingshire, when Douglas was first introduced to the St. Bernard family; but as she was the theme of every tongue, of every praise, he felt his curiosity strongly excited, and wished her arrival in Edinburgh with a degree of impatience, little dreamt by the simple Morna, whose intercourse with Douglas was now confined to a wave of her hand, or the inclination of her head, as he passed Mrs. Macneil's windows on his way to the houses where he was intimate. Douglas at first, had visited Morna frequently, but a delicate hint from her gouvernante to Mr. Melville, occasioned a cessation of our hero's visits; and soon, though he frequently sent her presents, the inclination that had hitherto given him so much pleasure, that of being constantly in her society, sensibly diminished. The warnings of passion shewn

by Douglas, is common to young minds previous to a real impression; and the change may be ascertained by beauty in all else than the chosen object, becoming as the finished statue, an object of admiration, not of desire.

CHAPTER XIII.

Prejudices,—Scots Education,—Introduction to a Northern Beauty.

MRS. M'Neil found her pupil possessed of genius, much application, and an ardent wish of excelling; equally from a desire to become acquainted with the branches of education pointed out to her attention, and of manifesting her gratitude to Mr. Melville.

Morna had mourned, with unfeigned sincerity, the melancholy fate of her uncle, and her own deserted state; her dependance on strangers; her conviction of the heart chilling truth that she had claim on no one, never pressed on her bosom, till

she became an inmate of Mrs. Macneil's school, and exposed to the scrutiny of her companions, girls of a country where every one is known, the sins of her fathers were visited on her.

Mrs. Macneil observed, though Morna during her hours of study seemed to find amusement in her lessons, those of leisure were passed in solitude; and that she avoided her companions. The daughter of Drumlash the heiress of Strathmay, was likewise a pupil of Mrs. Macneil's; and, as this young lady was not only forward and conceited, but extremely inquisitive, she easily found out who Morna was, and communicated the intelligence to her friends in the school, Of this the poor girl was first apprised by the particular emphasis with which her designation *Macleod*, was pronounced, when any circumstance occasioned their naming her. Mrs. Macneil, in part, listened to these

stories, that is to the satisfying her curiosity, but not to the diminution of her first passion, interest. Mr. Melville was extremely liberal, and on this account she resolved to retain Morna ; and, as the Governess approached the winter equinox of passion, she became subject to the strangest of whims ; that, believing Mr. Melville was seriously captivated with her, and that divers sighs he had uttered, on entering her apartment, and which, in a man of his age, might very reasonably have been laid to the account of fatigue, and the length of the stair, were occasioned by a tenderness for herself. Mrs. Macneil had secured her interest, by publishing a volume, containing ten small poems, each one prefaced by a dedication and panegyric to some noble personage. It was not in the nature of things for this book to fail, and accordingly several editions, with a critique written by one of the flattered

noblesse, established Mrs. Macneil's school, where girls of *family* were only received; and when these attended the public places, their governess never failed receiving from the different subjects of her literary panegyric, the most distinguished notice. Morna did not accompany Mrs. Macneil in public for some time; that prudent woman waited till the return of her patroness from the hills, in order to explain how so rough a pebble became placed amongst her *family jewels.*

Douglas amused himself infinitely to his taste in the Scottish metropolis. He joined the Golfers, the Archers, and the Literati; became acquainted with the *characters* of Edinburgh, and in the intervals, perused the *best* books, and conversed with the *best* men. During the several winter months Melville and Douglas resided in Edinburgh, and the latter was compelled to acknowledge that the Scots have an hi-

larity in their meetings, and a gaiety in their converse, that warms in proportion as their climate chills. The power of their women, Douglas had as yet but trifled with. The simple graces of Morna awakening his feelings in moments either of gratitude for protection, or compassion for her deserted youth, but faintly awoke the tender passion. It was destined for Lady Lillian Bruce to fix him irrevocably, and by the union of captivating beauty, a polished mind, and a modesty that wondered at admiration, bound his heart with roses. A magnificent dinner, given to a party of gentlemen by the Earl of St. Bernard, about the commencement of the year, was followed by an adjournment to George's Street Assembly Rooms; where, by the side of the Earl's sisters, Alfred first beheld the fair Lillian. Douglas, though assured of an immediate introduction to the object on whom imagination had often

dwelt, refrained from accosting Lady Janet, and Maud Carr, for a considerable time; and observing the manner of their words, rejoinders to the welcomes that assailed her on all sides, after a long absence, at leisure contemplated a woman at once a beauty and a grace.

Lady Lillian was majestic in person, her eyes dark blue, overspread with silken lashes, giving inexpressible softness and beauty to the full orbs. They partially veiled a nose finely proportioned, mouth that smiled as it parted on teeth of clear unsullied white, and a skin at once blooming and fair, compleated a perfect face. Above this charming bust, fell locks of various shade, over one transparent temple, waved a tress of faint but glossy yellow; the ash succeeded to contrast it beautifully, and over her fair and bending neck, a lock of brighter burnish clasped in its tendril twine the breathing, animated, mar-

ble; a bosom, white as the plumage of the swan, rose gently beneath a white lace kerchief, crossed over it, at once with modesty and elegance; from its chaste confine descended a simple robe, neither ungracefully encumbering the figure, or wantonly unveiling it. Lady Lillian is virtuous even to thought, (mentally ejaculated Douglas, as his eye took in at once the beauties of her form, and the modesty of its habiliment;) it is thus chastity is attired. The Scottish beauty wore no ornament but a barcelet of pearls, and a comb of the same unsullied jewellery, that removed the luxuriance of her fine hair partially from her forehead. The Earl, on his entrance into the ball room, (from which he had been detained by some of his guests choosing to remain longer at table than Alfred, who, knowing Lady Lillian was to attend the rooms, had withdrawn early,) placed the hand of

his ward in that of Douglas, and bade her honour his young friend as a partner in the dance. Alfred, as she accepted him, felt a wish to find favour in her sight, and exerted his powers of gaiety so successfully that in the intervals of the dances, his partner not only smiled sweetly, but the aged dames, her companions, who had been somewhat surprised at their brother not pointing out the old Duke of Adraheels, as fitted in *blood* to Lillian, condescended to listen to their conversation, and join in it with as much animation as served, not to discompose the rigidity of their silks, during a gay dispute, in which Douglas ventured delicately to hint at the effects of first impressions, in a manner which called roses to Lillian's cheek, and in which the high born maidens joined, with the prejudices of antediluvian times, when even life, long as it was, proved too short for the slow advances of the lover. Our

hero was startled by a deep sigh proceeding from some one immediately behind him; he involuntarily turned, and seated amid the young ladies of Mrs. Macneil's school, beheld Morna. Her face crimsoned as she caught his eye, and received an embarrassed salute.

Douglas turned again to Lady Lillian; in a few minutes, Morna rose to dance.

A sweet girl, (observed the fair object of Alfred's devotion,) who is she?

A Miss Macleod, (returned Douglas,) who now perceived the Ladies of St. Bernard were absorbed in the same contemplation.

Gin she be fra the Isles, shes a branch 'o our ain, (said Lady Maud).

I believe not.

Tho she's nearer yet ye ken (said Lady Janet).

Douglas felt hurt, he could not find

courage to avow the truth that she belonged to no one.

Morna performed but indifferently, yet there was a grace in her figure, and a prepossessing modesty about her *ensemble* that attracted attention, and excited interest. Douglas thought her much altered, she looked dejected, sad, and mournful, her figure had lost the *enbon point* that partly characterised it when he first saw her in Caithness; her hair was arranged differently; in short, she appeared changed to him, who was in fact most so. Douglas looked from Morna to Lillian, till he became reconciled to his apostacy, and even found a philosopher's reason for being in love. My sentiments for a simple child of nature could but be momentary, thought he, now judgment directs passion.

Mr. Melville, who had great objections to the partiality at one time evinced by

Alfred towards Morna, was well pleased observing him a sedulous attendant of Lady Lillian's during the evening, and willingly accompanied him to supper at the Earl's, where were assembled a party of the first people in Edinburgh. If Douglas had felt confused at the sudden recognition of Morna in the ball-room, he was even more embarassed as the Duchess of Hastings came on the tapis. The marriage of Lady Euphrasia and Mr. Angus had appeared in the papers that morning, and it was added, the lovely Duchess intended to pass the spring and summer with the new married pair in Scotland.

At Hastings-Castle no doubt, (said the old Lady, whose keen eye shewed her dislike of the arrangement).

Douglas, who had received letters from Mr. Angus, expressive of his joy at an approaching union with the lovely object of his affections, was no stranger to the event

spoken of; but Angus had not, when dilating on the satisfaction he should feel at the vicinity of Alfred's abode to the castle, mentioned the Duchess as making part of his family. He observed the reserve of the females present as the Duchess was spoken of, and felt how impossible it would be to at once even know her Grace, and preserve himself from incurring what now appeared to him the greatest of misfortunes, Lady Lillian's displeasure. He grew absent, and rose almost without knowing it was with his engaging partner he was about to take leave; and on Mr. Melville observing, as they drove to Dumbreck's that the Earl's ward was the finest woman he had seen since his younger days, he made no remark. That however the reader may judge whether the opinion of the gentlemen coincided, we transcribe the amatory lines written by Douglas on the following morning. When he rose to

prepare an elegant packet for Lady Lillian, containing Mrs. Robertson's sonnets, he placed the effusions of his muse in the volume; but fearing the resentment of the retiring maid at this presumption in an acquaintance of a day, they were again withdrawn, nor was it till some months following Lady Lillian perused the following *impromptu*.

THE CONFESSION—*A Fragment.*

A sufferer in this mental storm,
I've grasp'd at pleasures airy form;
I've seen it in the dewy eye,
The graceful shape, the heaving breast,
I've felt it in the impassion'd sigh;
And in the languid look confess'd.
A joy more grateful to the heart,
Than wealth or grandeur can impart.
Time was when o'er my subject soul,
Sweetly serene my days were pass'd,
Sleep then o'er all my senses stole;
Each day was happier than the last.
But then, even then, in fancy's dream,

The fair bedeck'd in magic came ;
If laid beside the babbling stream,
My bosom fluttered with the flame.
But still its hallow'd peace again,
With evening's calm to me returned.
No more I felt the languid pain,
No more I thrill'd, no more I burn'd ;
But ah ! since then how great the change,
My wavering heart is doomed to feel.
Now Lillian can my thoughts estrange,
From what creates the bosom's weal.

CHAPTER XIV.

The progress of love—the passion felt differently.

DOUGLAS soon became intimate with Lord St. Bernard's family; it was one of regularity and extreme order. In their residence in Queen Street, the sisters of the Earl kept up the state of Bernard Castle; a numerous retinue of devoted servants, a difficulty of access to strangers, a form observable in all their transactions with each other inspired ideas of feudal days. The apartment into which Douglas was usually shown, was large and somewhat gloomy, the casements high, and the furniture and

pictures antique. The Ladies Maud and Janet, attired in the fashion of other years, were usually employed in working on a frame some "auld device." Two or three young children contrasting, by their blooming looks, the shrivelled countenances of their mistresses, stood near winding worsteds. Douglas would cast his eyes rapidly over the groupe, and as quickly uttered his salutations; his regards and voice equally tendered, were then devoted to Lillian; her youth, extreme beauty, and graceful costume, appeared delightfully in the foreground of the sombre scene. A small work table of ebony and ivory usually stood before her, on which lay her books and harp. A large old-fashioned, but exquisitely toned harp was placed on one side, from which she drew tones pleasant but mournful. The gay youth in this apartment, in this presence felt another variety of the passion, that

borne the Duchess of Hastings was a destructive fire, in the instance of Morna a transient spark, towards Lillian a clear pure flame seeming to eradicate the path of his future life, To see her smile, to listen to her words, those of intellect and purity, seemed to constitute his all of joy ; and soon would Alfred have forgotten every thing in the society of this charming woman, had he not been awakened to thought by the frequent hints of the elder ladies, concerning the propriety of Lady Lillian's union with a man of family, " It is true mused Douglas mine is unknown, but my father could not have been derived from an ignoble stem ; my mother's gentle virtues spring from ought but true nobility."

Mr. Melville had often mused on the subject, of the mysterious letter left by Alfred's father ; it rested in his cabinet, but the period of its being delivered to the ene-

my of Douglas's exiled parents rapidly approached. On the first of the following July he would have attained the twenty-third year of his age, and an interview, should the oppressor exist, would take place involving probably much of Alfred's future fate. Melville was now aged, and he dreaded the prospects of his young favourite. It had been perhaps unfortunate for Alfred, that he was independent. The energy of his character had received a check, and an unoccupied mind, solicitous of scarce an event beyond the hour, rendered him in the course of his short career as a man of fashion, alive to the impressions of woman; too indolent to remove the mask of friendship worn by hypocricy, or to turn aside in the path he pursued, because he discerned reptiles in the way. Alfred was accomplished, and had in no place met men more to his taste than in Edinburgh; here he learnt to think.

Lillian had taught him love, and her sweet retiring eyes sought but in vain to conceal, her feelings were reciprocal; at length some lively remark of the Widow Taymore, concerning the constant attendance of Alred on their fair ward, induced the Earl's sisters to draw up with no small portion of stateliness, and hint to Lillian, that Douglas appeared more like an accepted lover, than one who could never aspire to her hand. Lillian tried to frown on Alfred, when next, blooming with exercise, she saw him ride in from Glenesk, and fly to her with looks of sparkling pleasure. It was on this occasion the lover penned the following:

HOPES AND FEARS.

When Lillian smiles, the face of day,
Is drest in sweets like genial May;
The lustre of her azure eye,
Her peachy cheek of rosy dye,
Thrill my fond breast with soft desire,
And heavenly languishment inspire.

When Lillian frowns, how glooms the sky,
The lillies droop, the roses die ;
A gloomy hue invests the trees,
No scene delights, no beauties please ;
My sick'ning soul delights to view
The silent tomb, the mournful yew.

Mean while, the gentle Morna drooped, and Mrs. Macneil made her illness a pretext of summoning Mr. Melville to frequent interviews. That gentleman, who sincerely compassionated the deserted girl, called in the skilful Doctor G——, who, apprehensive she threatened decline, that foe to northern beauty, prescribed country air, and recommended the cottage of an old servant of his family at Roslin. Mr. Melville gladly consented to this arrangement, and without mentioning the exact spot of her intended residence, contented himself with telling Douglas in general terms, that Miss Macleod had been ordered by Doctor G—— to the country.

Alfred was chilled at the intelligence of her illness, he would have seen her instantly to bid her farewell, to wish her health, to say, be happy, but Mr. Melville gravely objected. Morna, said he, is more likely to be affected by solicitude than indifference, in the present state of her health.

Douglas sighed; he thought of her as beaming with health and beauty he had first seen her, a flower of the wild, and the grace of the solitudes of Strathmay.

Mrs. Macneil accompanied Mr. Melville and her pupil to Roslin; auld Margaret Macpherson, who had nursed Doctor G— and thought she could not do enough for his friends, came out to meet them in best array. Her kind words, and decent aappearance, made Morna lift her heavy eyes from the ground, and gaze on her intently. I am content to remain (cried she in reply to Mr. Melville's enquiry), who seeing her somewhat recovered from her short jour-

ney, left her for Edinburgh. Mrs. Macneil kissed her pupil at parting; the poor girl who had experienced little but tyranny during her abode under that Lady's roof, felt her heart recoil at the insidious embrace, and gladly saw her depart.

Margaret Macpherson busied herself in arranging Morna's apartments, and the invalid lured by the neatness of the place, and the enchanting prospect she beheld from the sashed windows of the cottage, smiled so sweetly, she won the good woman's affections. The cabin was most delightfuly situated on the brae, somewhat below the gothic ruin of Roslin, and commanding the rocky channel of the Esk; the time worn castle, the picturesque church-yard, and the fine boundaries of the scene, jutting fragments, and lofty banks, now drest by the advancing year. A neat white curtained bed, a hanging shelf, with a few books, and an old fashioned couch,

were placed in Morna's bed-room; the little parlour had a print of Prince Charles, placed most conspicuously over the mantle-piece; a few chairs, and flower-stands, with a carved table of dark wood, complete the simple furniture of this room, which opened into Margaret's.

Morna slept well, and rising refreshed, walked down the slope, to breathe the morning air, and survey the scenery. All around was tranquil, but the Esk murmuring as it dashed past the sylvan roots, and rocky impediments of its way. The ruins of Roslin half hid by their ivied veil, rose above, a model of architectural beauty. Seating herself on a moss-covered fragment fallen from the dilapidated ruins of the Castle below, and reclining her head pensively on her hand, Morna fell into a depth of thought, that prevented her observing Margaret had followed her, and

stood attentively observing her. The good woman's voice at length broke the spell, and the dejected girl observing her eyes filled with tears, gently enquired what distressed her.

Waes me, yersel, (cried Margaret) ye put me in mind o' ane that nae many years since deed in my arms, and is buried in yon kirk yard.

And so may I soon, observed Morna, but that is as heaven pleases, you must tell me about this lady, Mrs Macpherson.

Margaret shook her head, I canna do that, (said she) for she was ane excommunicated fra the kirk and laden wie sin.

Morna pressed the good woman to tell why she wept, and at length overcome by her intreaty, Margaret promised in her leisure hours to comply. The sight of Doctor G——— leading his horse towards the cottage, occasioned the old woman and her languid charge to hasten, in or-

der to meet him, who was at once the most skillful and humane of human beings. Morna's cheek was tinted by exercise; this is well (cried the Doctor, looking at her as he spoke), keep in the air, what ails those bred up to pass their hours exposed to the elements? luxury has acquainted us with disease; indolence and romance, with nerves. Cease to be a fine lady, Miss Macleod and you cease to be a valutedinarian.

You mistake, Sir, (replied Morna), I have not till lately been even delicately nurtured.

Then you are in love (said the Doctor facetiously) that I allow to be a complaint, and thus I prescribe. Either marry the object, or forget him.

The blessing light on him (said Margaret, as the Doctor rode off), gin he be nae as playful as when he stood at my knee, nae higher than ane o' the bushes yon-

der, but ye maun be amused he says, will ye hae th' Martyrs to read, or Ralph Erskine's Works.

Morna smiled, but telling her she would choose for herself, retired to her apartment.

END OF VOL. FIRST.

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